THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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WRITTEN BY IRISHMEN.

Recent Works of Some of Ireland's Most Noted Authors.

Alfred Perceval Graves' New Collection—A Tale of Two Cities—Verses by Trinity College Men.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

The long-expected number of the New Irish Library, by Alfred Perceval Graves, has at last appeared. It is called "The Irish Song Book" and is a collection of the best Irish songs of all classes; there are old songs of sentiment, war songs by Davis, Duffy, McCann, Ingram, and others of the Young Ireland period; there are capital humorous songs (a couple of which are by the gifted editor), street ballads, lullabies and songs of pathos—in short, all kinds of Irish songs have a place in the collection. Each of the songs is fitted to a melody which is given in the book and this feature of the work makes it exceedingly valuable to all lovers of Irish music. There are many rare melodies among the airs, some of which have never been seen in any collection—at least not in any that has been published in many years—and are of exceeding beauty. Mr. Graves has a peculiar talent for adapting lyrics to appropriate airs and in this collection he has had quite a field for the exhibition of his genius in this direction. The selection of the melodies must have entailed quite an amount of labor, as the singular fitness of the airs to which he has set many of the poems indicates that considerable care must have been bestowed upon them.

Many have tried to get that peculiar flavor of the Irish peasant ballad, but it seems that the educated writer almost always misses it, or overdoes it. Boucicault, Dr. Robert Dwyer Joyce and Mr. Graves have been the most successful. When the latter writes a song of the people he can, such is his mastery of their peculiar idioms, infuse a something into it that at once makes it racy of the Irish peasant, although not a single word may be classed as brogue. This is the case with a song which has been specially written for this collection—"Love's Hallowed Seal":

When skylarks soaring to heaven were pouring
The trembling cadence of their long, sweet cry,
As lone I wandered and pensive pondered
My queen of maidens she came musing by,
Her footsteps faltered, she blushed, and altered
Her crimson kerchief with gesture shy,
It could not hide her, and so beside her,
I took the mountain track to old Athy,
Till as we rounded the bridge that bounded
The cowslip meadow from the coom below,
A sad slow tolling from far up-rolling
Cast sudden shadow on my colleen's brow;
In prayer low bending
She knelt commending
The parting spirit to heaven above,
And that one motion
Of pure devotion
Has set a hallowed seal upon my love.

The rhythm in this song, a peculiarly Irish one, has something to do with the character of it, but then Mr. Graves always seems to have that happy faculty of just finding a rhythm that will give the effect, when wedded to his clever words.

In his preface to the work—an exceedingly clever dissertation on Irish folk-music containing many important facts that our young musicians might study with profit—Mr. Graves draws attention to the peculiar Celtic metre of some of the lyrics contained in the book. One of Dr. Douglas Hyde's poems, "My Love, Oh She Is My Love," is given as an illustration:

She casts a spell, oh, casts a spell
Which haunts me more than I can tell,
More dear because she makes me ill
Than who would will to make me well.

She is my store, oh, she is my store,
Whose grey eye woundeth me so sore,
Who will not place in mine her palm,
Who will not calm me any more.

Too hard my case, too hard my case;
How have I lived so long a space,
And she to trust me never more,
Though I adore her silent face.

She's my desire, my desire,
More glorious than the bright sun's fire;
Who were than wind-blown ice more cold,
Were I so bold as to sit by her.

Oh, she it is hath stole my heart,
And left a void and aching smart,
And if she soften not her eye,
Then life and I in pain must part.

Dr. Hyde has performed a praiseworthy work in preserving the ancient metres and presenting them to the world in a language which will be more understood by the great majority of Irishmen, although it is a disgrace and a shame to acknowledge that such is a fact.

The younger generation of writers seem to be well represented in the book, for we had some excellent songs by Francis a Fahey, Emily Hickey, Katherine Tynan Hinkson, W. B. Yeats, Harold Boulton and a few others; while Dr. Sigerson, T. D. Sullivan, J. K. Ingram, Dr. Todhunter, Denny Lane, and several more of the veterans are not neglected. Katharine Tynan Hinkson has several sweet lyrics in the volume, but none better than the "Irish Love Song."

Would God I were the tender apple-blossom
That floats and falls from off the twisted bough,
To lie and faint within your silken bosm,
Within your silken bosom, as that does now.
Or would I were a little burnished apple
For you to pluck me gliding by so cold,
While sun and shade your robe of lawn will dapple,
Your robe of lawn and your hair's spun gold.

Yes, would to God I were among the roses
That lean to kiss you as you float between,
While on the lowest branch a bud uncloses,
A bud uncloses to touch you, Queen.
Nay, since you will not love, would I were growing
A happy daisy in the garden path;
That so your silver foot might press me going,
Might press me going even unto death.

There is such a profusion of gems in Mr. Graves' little volume that it is no easy task to select a few for insertion in a notice; no matter which you may choose, you still have a lingering regret that you could not use some of the others. Dr. Todhunter's "Aghadoe," Yeats' "Down by the Sally Gardens," Dr. Sigerson's "Inniskillen Dragoon," and the "Little Mary Cassidy" of Francis Fahey make the reviewer feel like the small boy at the Christmas feast—sorry that space is limited.

Mr. Graves' "Irish Song Book" is one of the most important works that the Irish Literary Society has published so for far. It contains one hundred and nineteen songs, among which are some of the best lyrics that have been written by Irishmen. There is not a single song in the whole collection that could be eliminated without regret. Its price, one shilling sterling, places it within the reach of the poorest person, and poverty can no longer be an excuse for ignorance of Irish music. In this country it can be ordered from P. J. Kennedy, Barclay street, New York, or from the Irish Industries Association, 179 Wabash avenue, Chicago, Ill.

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James MacArthur, a very clever Irish writer, whose name is but little known to our Irish-American readers, but who has been of signal assistance to many of our young Irish authors by his capital articles, bringing them and their work before the public in the literary magazines of this country and England, has brought out through Dodd, Mead & Co. of New York, a magnificent edition of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." It would be as absurd to give a sketch of that famous work as to tell the public the plot of "Hamlet." It is undubitably Charles Dickens' greatest work. Dickens passed all too soon into a mannerism of artificial whimsicality and shallow melodrama which palls even on his best lovers by wearisome repetition. But in "A Tale of Two Cities" he lifted his art out of the plane of his life-work and left on its summit the stamp of an abiding beauty. For an instant, as it were, Dickens exhibited his imaginative power, which vindicated the possession of a very rare infusion of the higher poetic spirit, and which, in the judgment of many critics, might have made of him something greater than the painter of the manners of a coterie of a day. For once he laid aside what Walter Bagehot in 1858 characterized as the *bizzarrerie* of his peculiar style and attempted this "hazardous experiment," as Forster pits it, in which the genius of Dickens took a higher range, impelled, as never before or after the writing of the "A Tale," by his inherent love for the purely ideal and romantic in fiction.

"A Tale of Two Cities" is one of the greatest historical novels in the language. It is the only novel worthy of the name marking the tragic rise of Sansculottism, telling how the Greater Jacquerie of 1792 awoke from its cursed sleep to answer with bloody deeds the children of the soil, weary of asking all these years, "How long?" As one reads, one feels all the terror and upheaval of emotions that were rampant during the Revolution; one breathes the hot air of the noisome pestilence that reeks in the streets of Paris; one hears the clicking of Madame Defarge's knitting needles, and treads with Carton the forlorn path that leads to the dizzy height of a nobler deed than we could dare. The entire story is so noble in its spirit, so grand and graphic in its style, and filled with a pathos so profound and simple, that it deserves and will surely take a place among the great serious works of imagination. Mr. MacArthur has written an able introduction to the work in this edition. He has a remarkable command of elegant English and his introduction is really a model in its way. Lovers of the great English author owe him a debt of gratitude for the magnificent edition of "A Tale of Two Cities" which he was instrumental in bringing out. It is an *edition de luxe* in all but limiting the number of copies and the price. It is published in two volumes, beautifully bound, and retails at $2.50.

A collection of poems written by Trinity College men will be shortly published by Mr. H. Hinkson, who is himself a Trinity College graduate and a clever poet. Among the many writers whose works will appear in the volume are Aubrey DeVere, Alfred Perceval Graves, W. E. H. Lecky, Douglas Hyde, Standish O'Grady, John Kells Ingram, T. W. Rolleston, George Noble Plunkett, Oscar Wilde and John Todhunter. There are many other poets represented in the collection, which promises to be a notable one. Elkin Mathews, Vigo street, London, is the publisher who has the work in hand. It may be of interest to our readers to know that Mr. Hinkson is the husband of our greatest Irish poetess, Katherine Tynan.

ANCIENT ORDER NEWS.

A Successful and Highly Enjoyable Gathering of Division No. 9, and Their Friends, at South Chicago.

Oratory and Song Combine to Make a Feast of Reason and Flow of Soul—Mr. Gannon's Oration.

Calumet theatre, in South Chicago, proved too small for the entertainment of Division No. 9, on Thursday evening, Jan. 3. From the busy city, quiet Hyde Park and even from over the Indiana border flocked the lads and lasses as well as their elders who had stored in memory the recollection of the splendid programmes and lavish hospitality of their Hibernian friends, who again tendered them a warm *caed-mille-failthe* to the God speed tendered by the retiring officers of the division to their successors. What a night it was! Music, instrumental and vocal; elocution, pathetic and gay; eloquence, soul-stirring and witty, while over all hovered that genuine hearty, good Irish sentiment, so typical of the Land of the Shamrock, so encouraging to those who love to linger over remembrances of the glorious past and indulge in fervent hope that the growing present may blossom into a prosperous and happy future for the children of the sea-divided Gael. Hardly had Chaplean's orchestra concluded their admirable rendition of Irish selections, when St. Lawrence's choir entranced the audience with the splendid chorus "Sons of Ireland." Refusals were in vain, and an encore proved the splendid training of their choir. When the applause had subsided the chairman of the evening, Bro. P. T. O'Sullivan, rose and tendered a welcome with his opening address. In excellent diction and choice phrase the speaker voiced the merits and history of the Ancient Order of Hibernians.

Away to the almost legendary past was traced the origin of the grand old society and its footsteps through ten centuries of Time's mutations, were painted in glowing words. In fearless sentences and witty epigram the contrast was drawn between the A. O. H., as the ignorant deemed it, and as it actually was, a factor toward the elevation of a grand old race. Prophetic in its utterance the chairman pointed out the possibilities of a prolific future for the society of Catholic Irishmen, and closed amid a tempest of applause.

Mr. James Bonner followed in a song, where the sweetness of his voice was appreciated by the audience, and was succeeded by Miss Ruth Gowe's recitation of the "Old Settlers' Story," and Will Carleton never had a better medium for the interpretation of his ideas. The quaint diction of the "Michigan Bard" was sweetly rendered, and many an old settler's eye grew dim as the soft voice of the pretty elocutionist brought back memories of the days of the "Old Log Cabin." In response to a rousing encore Miss Gowe delivered with the spirit and *elan* of a Terry, the magnificent oration of Wendell Phillips on O'Connell. The next number was the baritone solo of Mr. Bert Murphy, whose wonderful range and volume of voice filled the auditorium with a pathetic rendition of the ballad entitled "Fallen." The audience were loath to part with the vocalist, and double encores seemed to but increase their desire to keep Mr. Murphy before the footlights. A voice of such compass should be heard in the larger churches or auditoriums to do justice to the artist, and we trust at an early date to hear of Mr. Murphy's engagement in some of our city church choirs, where is undoubted musical ability will have an opportunity for display to be appreciated by the most critical.

A notable number was the harp and violin duet in great harmony of Irish airs by Misses O'Brien and Sullivan, followed by the beautiful air "Last Rose of Summer," rendered by Miss A. O'Brien. We must not forget the charming voice of Miss Kate White in "Here is the Woodland Heart," nor the excellent singing of Miss L. McCormick and Mr. Kleuytman, when they rendered "Moonlight on the Rhine," followed by Mr. Murphy in a declamation "Ashamed of the Name." The orator of the evening was introduced in the person of the Hon. M. V. Gannon. While scarce two years have passed since Mr. Gannon pitched his tent in our midst his presence is ever a welcome one, and his address would be an addition to any programme. We cannot help congratulating our good friends in South Chicago on their good fortune in securing Mr. Gannon, and we believe every one of the large audience echo our words when we say that seldom on any platform was delivered a more exhaustive or scholarly oration as that we had the pleasure to listen to on Jan. 3.

Quiet and almost commonplace were the opening sentences, with here and there a gleam of the native wit, until after paying a compliment to the energy, merits and development of the Hibernians and their grand society, the Ancient Order, the speaker touched on the land where the order found its birth place. Then broke out the fervid eloquence of the Celt, and the speaker, "in loud voice and clear, spoke thick and fast, the burning words which tyrants quake to hear." The brightening eye and flushed cheek of the ladies contrasted strangely with the paling face and close pressed lips of the men, as in eager attention they listened to the scornful denunciation of bigotry's lies, the terrible arraignment of English atrocities through the centuries of Ireland's woes, and the cunning deviltry which designed to rob them of education and the best protector of a nation's liberties, a free press. The non-sectarian features of Ireland's struggles for freedom was brought before the audience, and the calumny of zealotry was answered by the names of Jackson, Tone, Emmet, Mitchel, Martin and Parnell, who of faiths other than Catholic were chosen and loved leaders of the Irish people. The speaker closed with a review of the Irishman's progress in his own Green Isle, though hounded by alien laws, and gloried in the magnificent career of his race in lands other than its own, with pointed reference to the prominence they had won in literature, journalism and science.

When the orator ceased the audience rose as one man and tendered a magnificent tribute of spontaneous applause. It was worthy of the gathering and the gentleman they wished to honor, than whom in our midst we have not a more sterling citizen nor a truer patriot. The entertainment closed with the singing of "God Save Ireland" by the audience. We regretted the closing; we longed for more, and trust our active brothers in South Chicago will at an early date tender invitation to enjoy just such another evening as that of Jan. 3. '95.

The brothers of Cook county are earnestly exhorted to hasten the payment of the "Gaelic Chair" assessment. It behooves all officers to give the matter prompt attention, as tardiness reflects discredit on our State, and we should be eager and willing to sustain the honor of our noble order by proving our ability to carry out the engagements to which we have pledged ourselves. A prosperous new year to all Hibernians.

SHAUN.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

TO——

BY JOHN MYERS O'HARA.

Deep eyes of grey
Whose sparkling ray
Streams outward from your soul's effulgence;
A ruby lip
Where one might sip
The wine of love by love's indulgence.

Gold-burnished hair
With meshes there
For changing tints to glint and linger;
A curving trace
Of beauty's grace
From plastic neck to dainty finger.

Two dimpled cheeks
With carmine streaks—
Blush-roses with each other wooing;
A voice, a smile
Whose tempting guile
Would even be a-saint's undoing.

Dear maid, these be
The charms I see
That lend love's crown its coruscation.
They melt and sun
The heart of one
Heart-thrilled beneath their concentration.

Pain in the Back.

ELSDON, Ill., Dec. 26, 1894.—I have been suffering with a pain in my back and sides, and the color all left my face. I have used two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and the pain has left me and the color has returned to my face.—Mrs. Jessie Middaugh.

Hood's Pills cure indigestion.

FUNERAL OF BENJAMIN CORCORAN.

The funeral services for Mr. Benjamin Corcoran, superintendent of the American Bridge Works, who was killed by a State street cable train the night of Jan. 1, were held on the 4th inst., at St. Cecilia's church, Forty-fifth street and Atlantic avenue, Rev. Father O'Reilly officiating. High mass was read, after which the remains were placed in a vault at Mount Olivet. The pallbearers were chosen from Dexter Council, Royal Arcanum, and Court Enterprise, I. O. F., of which organizations the deceased was a member. About 800 friends attended the church services, and many beautiful floral emblems were presented. The employes of the American Bridge Works, which institution Mr. Corcoran entered when a boy, presented a mammoth bridge composed of roses and carnations. The coronor's jury censured the Chicago City Railway Company for being criminally careless in providing insecure and unsubstantial gates, which was the cause of Mr. Corcoran's death while riding on a south-bound train. The gate gave way and he was thrown in front of a passing north-bound train.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by the firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

PIG WHIPS PEELER.

How a Patriotic Sow, Defending Her Progeny, Baffled Mr. Morley's Police.

Gallant Defense of a Farm By a Woman and a Maternal Porker.

Several exciting and painful evictions took place at Abbey Knockmoy, county Galway, a few days before Christmas. The townland on which the evictions took place is called Carrereagh, and is the property of a Mr. Dodwell, who resides at Colloony, county Sligo. The *Irish Independent's* correspondent gives the following account of the affair:

From information which I received while witnessing the evictions being carried out, it appears that the present landlord, Dodwell, only came into possession of the estate about twelve months ago, he having purchased it over the heads of the tenants from the court of chancery, the tenants being unaware that he was about to do so.

I may state at once that it was not for nonpayment of rent the evictions took place; each tenant had his rent paid up, with the exception of one year, which each and every one of them was ready and willing to pay, but toe landlord wanted something more, and would not be satisfied with the rent due unless the following conditions were complied with:

1. Possession of their houses and land.
2. Payment of all rent due up to last gale day.
3. Each tenant to pay ten years' rent as a fine on being allowed back into possession.

The last proposal of the landlord was the one that the tenants objected to, therefore they refused to give possession. They defended the ejectments both at the quarter sessions and assizes, but each time the landlord succeeded, as it appears he was entitled to clear the poor tenants off his estate, and for that purpose he arrived at Abbeyknockmoy yesterday morning, accompanied by a brace of bailiffs and a large force of Mr. Morley's police from Barnaderg, Tuam, Ballyglumin, Turloughmore, and other places.

No sooner had the landlord and the police made their appearance than the people about being evicted commenced blowing horns, then large crowds of sympathizers were collecting from every direction. The groaning and hooting at the policemen who were lent to assist the bailiffs in clearing out these poor people on the eve of Christmas could be heard for miles around.

The agents, Messrs. Kendall & Hazel, refused to attend. The bailiff on the estate refused to take up possession or assist in doing so. Under the circumstances the landlord was compelled to come there himself, but had he not been encouraged to do so by being lent the forces of the crown these poor people who were evicted would be allowed at least to spend the Christmas in happiness, and before the new year would set in there might be a little pressure, even within the law, brought to bear upon this man which would have the effect of settling all these cases, and spare these unfortunate tenants from being cast on the roadside.

As I already stated, the tenants were all willing to pay the rent due, but it was out of the question to think of paying a price for land which they themselves have improved, and have worked hard for years to bring to its present state. The first house attacked was held by two young ladies, the Misses Graham, whose father and mother are dead. They have no person at the house but a servant man. Their rent is £20 a year. They were willing to pay this, but the landlord demanded a fine of £200. That is ten years' rent of their holding. Miss Graham being unable and unwilling to pay that amount the bailiffs set to work, and being surrounded by Mr. Morley's police they were no time clearing out the household effects and handing over possession to the landlord. In one of the out-offices there was a sow and bonhams, and the bailiffs found some difficulty to remove her; the sow attacked them several times; and seeing that she was getting the better of them one of the policemen went to their assistance; he was shouted at by the crowd who witnessed the work, and this only had the effect of making him more determined to remove the pig. Seeing the treatment the poor sow was receiving Miss Graham stepped forward to remonstrate with the constable, but without hearing what she had to say, he said he would arrest her for obstruction.

Miss Graham defied him to lay hands on her. The large crowd who had by this time collected cheered Miss Graham and crushed in about her. The police seeing that the people were determined to resent any insult offered to the young lady, the officer in charge withdrew the police some distance away, which, perhaps, had the effect of saving the lives of a large number, who were very excited at the time in consequence of the behavior of the policeman, whose name I have not yet got.

No sooner was possession handed to the landlord than Miss Graham walked back to her house. A large number of men remained behind and assisted in putting back into the house all her furniture.

Peter Glynn's house was next visited, his rent being £23 a year. Glynn had the money in his hand, but in addition to the rent the landlord wanted ten years' rent also, which amounted to £250; this sum the tenant refused to give. Himself and his brothers remained at the door and refused possession. The bailiffs demanded it several times, but Glynn defied them to enter. They were encouraged to do so by the large number of people present, and shouted repeatedly to hold the house seeing that the tenant was determined not to surrender. The landlord withdrew the bailiffs and proceeded to clear the land, which they did, but thoy made no attempt to take possession of the house.

The only tenants from whom possession was taken all went back into the possession of their holdings. Their names are: John Murphy, rent, £12; Patrick Quinn, £10; John Quinn, £4; John Forde, £3; Patrick Glynn, £7; John Mannion, £8; Griffen and Feeney, £8; Charles Graham, £20, and Peter Glynn, £23.

The full amount of rent due by all the tenants is £95. They are willing to pay every shilling of this and all costs, but the landlord demands as a fine to allow them into possession £950, and required them to pay an increased rent after.

When purchasing this estate the bank advanced some money to enable him to buy it. I am not sure now whether it is the Ulster or the National, but there is no doubt but the money was lent, and to pay it off now he requires this £950 fine from the tenants.

The Rev. P. McLoughlin was present during the day, and so was Mr. Thomas Higgins, Mr. Maher, Mr. Connor and several others who have always identified themselves with the tenants' cause.

After the landlord and police had left, the entire number present assisted in putting back the furniture in each house, and promised their support to those evicted.

OBITUARY.

MISS HELEN A. HEALEY.

It is with sincere regret that THE CITIZEN announces the death of Miss Helen A. Healey, daughter of Captain and Mrs. John J. Healey, which occurred in this city, at the residence of her uncle and aunt, Lieutenant and Mrs. Louis Haas, on the 4th inst. She had gone on a visit from her home, No. 222 Forty-second street, was taken ill of the most violent form of typhoid fever on Christmas day and speedily succumbed—notwithstanding the efforts of eminent physicians—to that terrible malady. Miss Healey was one of the brightest and handsomest young ladies of this city, and her death casts a gloom over the household of her parents that time can never wholly dissipate. Everybody who knows them feels deeply grieved at their irreparable loss. The young lady was granddaughter of the widely known venerable citizen, Mr. James Lane, who was born before the closing lustre of the last century and still survives in perfect possession of all his mental and physical faculties. She was also niece of Mr. Daniel D. Healey, president of the Cook County Board of Commissioners, and of Capt. James J. Healey, deputy clerk of the Superior Court.

The funeral occurred on the 7th inst., from the home of the bereaved parents to the Church of the Holy Angels, where the Rev. Father Tighe and his assistant priests celebrated requiem high mass. The pallbearers were Messrs. William Carroll, T. Kelly, J. Weadley, Edward Dunne, P. H. Mortagen, Joseph McBride and J. MacBoy. After the conclusion of the religious services, the relics were escorted to Calvary cemetery—where they were temporarily deposited in the vault—by an imposing cortege, which numbered in its ranks many of Chicago's most prominent citizens.

MR. M. F. SCANNELL.

Mr. Michael Francis Scannell, a well known citizen, died at his residence, No. 1649 North Halsted street, on Tuesday, in the 43d year of his age, after a lingering illness. Mr. Scannell was prominent in business and had the benefit of an excellent education. He was married to Miss Annie Naghten, of this city, who survives him. His mother, Mrs. Mary Scannell, also survives him. The funeral occurred Wednesday morning from the residence to the Catholic Church of Mount Carmel, and thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery, where the remains were laid to rest. Requiescat in pace.

MR. THOMAS GAHAN, OF ELGIN, ILL.

Mr. Thomas Gahan, an old and respected citizen of Elgin, Ill., died in that city last week at a patriarchal age. He was born in Bagnalstown, county Carlow, Ireland, on March 19, 1807, of a family noted for devotion to the cause of Irish freedom. He married Miss Margaret Brice, of Borris, in the same county, Feb. 20, 1849, and left Ireland about four years later, arriving at Elgin, April 30, 1853. He had resided continuously there since his first arrival, and was successful as a business man of industrious methods. By his own exertions he acquired a handsome competence, and continued in good bodily health up to 1888, when both he and his wife nearly came to their death by the escape of coal gas from a furnace in their home. This accident prostrated the old people, but they partially rallied. Mrs. Gahan survives her husband, who was rather suddenly carried off by a stroke of paralysis. Three grown-up sons survive to console the aged widow, Daniel Gahan, Jr., who is well known in Chicago business circles, but who resides in Elgin; John T. Gahan, of the same town and Edward C. Gahan, of Ohio. Daniel Gahan, Sr., a brother of the deceased, and one brother and a sister in Ireland, also survive. The funeral occurred from St. Mary's Catholic church, Elgin, and was very largely attended by all classes of citizens, who, without distinction of race or creed, turned out to do honor to the memory of an honest and patriotic Irish-American. May he rest in peace.

GENERAL POST DEAD.

SUMMONED TO HIS LONG REST AND REWARD,

"On Fame's Eternal Camping Ground"—Wounds Could Not Keep Him from Duty and His Ambition Was To Be Continually at the Front.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—General Philip Sidney Post, member of congress from the Tenth district of Illinois, died at the Hamilton hotel in this city yesterday morning, after an illness of but one day. His death was from heart failure resulting from acute gastritis. For some time he had been suffering at intervals with attacks which physicians pronounced dyspepsia, but had attended to his congressional duties unremittingly. He passed the holidays at his home in Illinois and reached Washington Wednesday. Early Saturday morning he was seized with an attack of his old trouble, which did not, however, assume serious form until evening.

Heart Failure Sets in at Night.

During the night heart failure set in and for some hours before his death, which occurred at 4:30 a. m., the physicians could detect hardly any pulse beat. Mrs. Post and a son, W. S. Post, were with him. There is another son, Philip S. Post, a lawyer in Chicago. The Illinois delegation in congress held a meeting at 10 o'clock this morning and took appropriate action, and the house adjourned after the reading of the journal. The usual committee from the house and senate were appointed to act as an escort to the body to Illinois. The funeral party will leave Washington at 8 o'clock tonight, arrive in Chicago tomorrow night and the funeral services will be held in Galesburg, Ills., probably Wednesday afternoon. There will be no funeral services in this city.

Won Distinction as a Soldier.

General Post was best known through his brilliant military services in the rebellion, where he won high rank and distinction with great rapidity. When the war began he was appointed second lieutenant in the Fifth Illinois infantry. After the first Missouri campaign he became major, and eight months after his enlistment was made colonel of the Fifty-ninth Illinois for gallantry at the battle of Pea Ridge, in which he was desperately wounded. Before he was able to mount his horse without assistance he rejoined the troops, then hurrying forward to Corinth, and was at once assigned to the command of a brigade. From May, 1862, to the close of the war he was constantly at the front.

Began the Battle of Stone River.

In the Army of the Cumberland as first organized he commanded the first brigade, first division of the Twentieth army corps from its formation to the dissolution of the corps, a brigade conspicuous in all the engagements of that army, under General Rosecrans. With it he commenced the battle of Stone River, drove the enemy back several miles and captured Lectown. During the Atlanta campaign he was transferred to General Wood's division of the Fourth corps, and when the latter was wounded at the battle of Lovejoy Station took command and returned with it to Tennessee to oppose the progress of the enemy north.

Wounded Again at Nashville.

On Dec. 15, 1864, in the Nashville fighting he carried Montgomery hill at the point of the bayonet, and in the next day's battle fell dangerously wounded while leading an assault on Overton hill. In July, 1865, he was given command of the western district of Texas and remained until the withdrawal of the French from Mexico removed the danger of military complications.

Sketch of His Civil Career.

General Post's civil career has been an eventful one. He was born March 18, 1833, in Florida, Orange county, N. Y.; was graduated from Union college in 1855; practiced law in Kansas, where he also edited a newspaper, and in Illinois. After the war, in 1866, he was appointed consul to Vienna; was promoted consul-general for Austria-Hungary in 1874, resigned in 1879, was commander of the department of Illinois G. A. R. in 1886 and was a Republican member of congress for four terms beginning with the Fiftieth congress.

SENATOR HILL AT THE WHITE HOUSE

A Fact That Gave Political Washington a Shock of Surprise.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The president gave the annual state dinner to his cabinet last night. The full Marine band was in attendance and played national airs throughout the evening. Fifty-four guests were present, and when it was known that among that number was Senator Hill, of New York, it goes without saying that there was a sensation. There had been no intimation that the New York senator was to be present, and when it became known about town that Hill was the guest of the president the fact was at once the subject of the greatest speculation. There had been rumors that an understanding had been reached between the president and Hill, but the presence of the latter at the White House was the first tangible evidence that the rumors were probably authentic.

But once during this administration has Hill before been within the portals of the executive mansion. That time was just after the arrival of Senator Murphy, and the two New York senators appeared at the White House together, but the best information is that they did not see the president at that time. The president and Hill met in general assemblage before the dinner began, and their meeting was to every appearance one of extreme cordiality. They remained together for some minutes in a close conversation.

Senator Hill declined to discuss his presence at the White House, saving to say that it was a purely social visit and had no political significance, and consequently he did not feel at liberty to talk on the subject. Nevertheless his attendance will be a mark for political gossip for some days to come.

Wool Schehule Goes Into Effect.

NEW YORK, Jan. 5.—The wool schedule of the Wilson tariff law went into operation yesterday and the receipts were probably the largest in the history of the custom house. The total duty collected was $1,627,655, of which no less than $1,097,556.95 was for woolens.

Over Three Hundred Lives Lost.

LONDON, Jan. 4.—It has now been ascertained that 322 fishermen belonging to Hull, Grimsby and Yarmouth, were lost in the recent gale.

CONGRESSIONAL SUMMARY.

Proceedings of the National Lawmakers in Both Houses.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 4.—The resolution heretofore introduced by Allen (Pop.) of Nebraska relating to the occupation of rooms in the basement of the senate wing of the Capitol for retaurant purposes were debated during the morning hour of the senate. Allen severely criticised the practice of furnishing to the proprietor of the restaurant free of cost his furniture, ice, etc., and asserted that it was a violation of the statutes and constituted larceny of the public funds. Hale and Manderson replied, and defended the existing practice. No action was taken. The remainder of the day was taken up by Morgan on the Nicaraguan canal bill.

Debate on the currency bill continued all day in the house. The speakers were Black of Georgia and McCreary and Buckner of Kentucky in favor of the bill, and Haugen of Wisconsin and Adams of Pennsylvania in opposition. No other business was transacted.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 5.—The Hawaiian question was again brought before the senate by the discussion of the resolution introduced by Lodge calling on the secretary of the navy for information as to why the United States battleships had been withdrawn from Hawaiian waters. The resolution took its place on the calendar, and now can be taken up only by unanimous consent. Morgan concluded his speech on the Nicaraguan canal bill. The bill making appropriations for support of the military academy was passed. After a brief executive session adjourned until Monday.

The general debate on the currency bill consumed the time of the house again. The feature of the day's debate was the speech made in opposition to the measure by Hendrix, a New York banker. He suggested as the only measure of relief the passage of a bill to fund the greenbacks.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—The senate adjourned shortly after 3 o'clock as a mark of respect to the memory of Representative Post, of Illinois. A speech by Peffer in support of a service pension law for the benefit of the soldiers and sailors of the late war and another by Mitchell in behalf of the Nicaraguan canal bill occupied most of the time of the session. Ransom was elected president pro tem. of the senate to act in the absence of Vice President Stevenson and Harris.

The crape-covered desk of the late Representative Post was indication enough that little business would be done in the house. Johnson of Ohio, however, found time to present a memorial from S. J. Ritchie, of Ohio, asking for the impeachment of Judge Ricks because, as alleged, the judge had decided wrongfully against the said Ritchie in a suit. The charges also include Judge Burke and ex-Senator Payne. The customary resolutions were adopted regarding the death of Representative Post and the house adjourned.

LIVE STOCK IN FOUR STATES.

General and Notable Decrease from the Supply a Year Ago.

BUFFALO, Jan. 4.—Eirick Bros., commission dealers of this city, have issued their annual stock report covering the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan. The table given shows the visible supply of stock in comparison with last year. The percentage on hogs is based on the supplies of last year at this time. On sheep and lambs the percentage is based on the stock on hand Dec. 31, 1894.

Cattle—Ohio, 2½ per cent. decrease; Indiana, 20 per cent. decrease; Illinois, 35 per cent. decrease; Michigan, 25 per cent. decrease. Hogs—Ohio, 10 per cent. decrease; Indiana, unchanged; Illinois, 20 per cent, decrease; Michigan, 5 per cent. decrease. Sheep and lambs—Ohio, 52 per cent. decrease; Indiana, 42 per cent. decrease; Illinois, 45 per cent. decrease; Michigan, 40 per cent. decrease.

There seems to be a decided shortage in cattle in Illinois, but two counties reporting more feeding this year than at this time last year. Hogs are reported generally unhealthy in southern Ohio and in a good many parts of Illinois. Some sickness prevails in Indiana, but very little in Michigan. Wheat is being fed quite liberally.

GOULD WAS WORTH $83,000,000.

Including $2,000,000 in Real Estate—Some of His Holdings.

NEW YORK, Jan. 8.—The estate of Jay Gould has been appraised in its personal property for the purpose of taxation in the surrogate's court. Appraiser David McClure has prepared a report in which he finds the estate is worth exactly $80,934,580.79, aside from its $2,000,000 in realty. This value is given as on the date of the testator's death.

Some of the largest holdings of stock are: 101,000 shares Missouri Pacific appraised at $5,497,200; 100,038 Manhattan Railway company, $12,604,224; 220,028 Western Union Telegraph company, $18,702,380; 8,753 St. Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern Railway company consol mortgage bonds, $7,295,879; 2,000 Missouri Pacific Railway company, first consol, $2,180,000; 10,056 Missouri Pacific trust fives, $8,946,960; same, first collateral 2,335 bonds, $1,843,070; 2,000 Union Pacific Railway trust notes, $1,169,500.

Favorable to Judge Ricks.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7.—Owing to the illness of Representative Bailey, chairman of the subcommittee which investigated the charges against Judge Ricks of Ohio, the case has been turned over to the full judiciary committee of the house for further action. This was done at Mr. Bailey's request. This turn in the investigation is believed on general principles to be more favorable to Judge Ricks than if the subcommittee had completed its work under its chairman.

Flood Scare on the Ohio.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 8.—River men all along the Ohio were almost in a panic owing to the unprecedented rise in the river brought on by the rains at headwaters and elsewhere. At Pittsburg and along the Allegheny and Monongahela, there was considerable property destroyed by the flood, and many coal mines had to be closed down. But the news now is that the worst is over and a rapid fall may be expected. Little or no damage was done here.

Negro Twins of the Siamese Kind.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 8.—A sensation was caused in medical circles by the birth of twins similar to the famous Siamese twins. The parents are Stephen Banks and wife, colored people, of this city. The curious pair were dead when born. They were females and joined together from the armpits to the hips on the side by a ligament.

NEWS OF THE LEGISLATURES.

Illinois Politicians Gathering at Springfield—Gov. Upham's Inauguration.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Jan. 8.—Joseph Medill's name as a candidate for the senatorship was temporarily at least, by his managers from Cook county, and the fight at present has centered around the speakership of the house. Madden, Pease, Kockersperger and Jamieson, of Chicago, who came down here with Medill's boom, have found it convenient to let go of it for the time being, and their only talk is John Meyer for speaker. They will not mention any person's name as their choice for senator. The Cook county delegation to the lower house numbers just twenty-six Republican votes. Of that number John Meyer has twenty-five pledged to him.

To sum up the situation may be said to be very much mixed up now, with the chances for Cullom still strong, so far as the senatorship is concerned. The Republican house caucus which will be held tonight is the sole subject of discussion. All plans made bear on that meeting and the man whom the sixty-three majority will choose for speaker. Outside of Cook, Meyer has eleven votes. He claims forty in all. Needles, of Washington, has about twenty votes, while White, of Whiteside, is credited with eighteen. Cochrane, of Moultrie, claims sixteen, and Dan Berry, of Carroll, has four or five in his string. The three from whom it looks like the speaker would be chosen are Meyer, Needles and White.

Cullom's friends claim that he has thirteen votes in Cook county, but Mason, Alderman Madden and "Doc" Jamieson laughed the story to scorn. However, it behooves these gentlemen whose mission it is to name a Chicago man for senator to look well to their men. Tanner is going around with a confident smile which, if not sincere, is to say the least remarkably well counterfeited, claiming that it is all over but the shouting and advising the doubtful to climb into the band wagon while there is yet time. Cullom talks in a confident strain and says he is losing no sleep over the result. So does Mason, for that matter. "I believe a Cook county man will be elected," said he, "and that with my support in the country I will be the man."

Change of Governors in Wisconsin.

MADISON, Jan. 7.—The inauguration of Major Upham as governor at noon today convoked a greater throng of prominent Wisconsin citizens than any event of recent years. The special train bringing Major Upham and other state officers-elect and their ladies arrived at East Madison about 11:30 a. m. The governor's guard and First Regiment band escorted the party from the station to the capitol. Mayor Corscot presided over the inaugural ceremonies. Chief Justice Orton was seated at his right and administered the oaths of office to the new state officers, with which the exercises terminated. The outgoing state officers each escorted his successor from the executive office to the assembly chamber and presented him for inauguration, after which they returned to the executive chamber. After the inauguration the escort committee accompanied the state officers and their ladies to their residences. The legislature assembles on Wednesday.

MADISON, Jan. 8.—When both hands of the clock pointed to 12 today Lieutenant Governor Baensch let the gavel fall on the president's desk in the senate, and Chief Clerk George Porth, performed a like act in the assembly. There were assembled in the legislative halls at that hour 128 legislators, and of this number 103 are Republicans. As soon as the members came to order they filed up to the desk and took the oath, Chief Justice Orton administering the same. Caucuses of the two parties to select candidates for speaker, etc., will be held this evening.

Gov. Holcomb Inaugurated.

LINCOLN, Neb., Jan. 4.—Silas A. Holcomb was formally inducted into the office of chief executive of the state of Nebraska yesterday. The inauguration ceremonies were of the simplest and most informal character. In fact there was but little of the ceremonial in the proceedings. Before the inauguration Governor Crounse read his closing message, and after the oath was administered Governor Holcomb delivered his inaugural address.

Senator Harris Renominated.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Jan. 7.—The Democratic caucus has renominated United States Senator Harris, State Treasurer Craig, and Comptroller Harris.

Latest Charges Against Judge Ricks.

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 8.—Ex-Senator Payne when shown a dispatch from Washington in reference to a memorial presented to congress against United States Judge Ricks said: "The charges are ridiculous and an outrageous slander. Let Mr. Ritchie pay Judge Burke, Mr. Connell and myself what he owes and he can get his stock. Judge Ricks did not decide that case. He simply coincided with Judge Lurton, of Tennessee. Ritchie borrowed money from Burke, Connell and myself aggregating $1,250,000."

Was Fatal to Five Persons.

MASSILLON, O., Jan. 8.—By a collision near Smithville, O., on the Wheeling and Lake Erie, Fireman Ryan, of Norwalk, was slowly roasted to death; Ewing Langsdorf, of Smithville, a passenger, had his neck broken; Conductor Romus, of Norwalk, was fatally hurt, as probably were G. Parish and Jack Berkhart, of Massillon.

THE DEATH RECORD.

Colonel E. M. HEYL, inspector general for the department of the Missouri, U. S. A., at Chicago.

Dr. WILLIAM A. ELDER, prominent physician of Bloomington, Ills.

JAMES THOMPSON, widely known land speculator, at Davenport, Ia.

Dr. JAMES F. RHOADS, ex-president of Byrn Mawr college, at Philadelphia.

Probate Judge-Elect D. D. PERRY, at Arkansas City, Ark.

JOHN C. PROCTOR, well-known lumber dealer, at Peoria, Ills.

THEODORE WELSH, general freight agent of the Louisville and Nashville road, at Montgomery, Ala.

Dr. HENRY GOLDTHWAITE, physician of the Fifth avenue hotel, New York.

Captain JOHN TAYLOR, prominent Grand Army man, at Philadelphia.

WILLIS STADIGER, well-known attorney, at Denver, Colo.

Dr. WILLIAM MERCER, oldest practicing physician in northern Illinois, at Princeton, Ill.

ILLINOIS GLEANINGS.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO OUR OWN PEOPLE.

Telegraphic Reports of Happenings in the Prairie State During the Past Few Days—News Briefly Stated and Placed for Convenient Reading.

ANNA, Jan. 5.—On the night of April 18, 1881, the north wing of the southern Illinois Hopital for the Insane burned and a patient named N. Ferkle lost his life. That fire was discovered just about midnight, and now the center building and south wing of the same structure are in ashes, having caught fire about the same hour, also in the same locality—in an attic over the fourth floor. The great fight in 1881 was to save the centre building and was successful. If it had caught, the south wing would no doubt also have been destroyed at that time. The north wing was rebuilt at once at a cost of over $100,000 and was ready for use before the close of the year.

The alarm that the hospital was burning was given in Anna and Jonesboro soon after the fire started yesterday morning, but very few people from here were aroused and went out. At sunrise, however, the road to the building was thronged with curious sightseers. The only accident reported happened to Engineer Magee. He fell on the fourth floor of the north wing and broke a rib, being quite badly hurt. The scenes during the fire were those inevitable at such disasters when the inmates of the burning buildings are demented people, and were more sad than otherwise. All were safely removed and the few that became wild were restrained from injuring themselves.

The Illinois Southern Hospital for the Insane was opened for use in 1872. It was a grand pile of buildings. Dr. Barnes was the first superintendent, but at the time of the first fire Dr. Wardner was superintendent. Dr. Lence was appointed superintendent by Governor Altgeld early in 1893. The building and grounds were considered the handsomest in the state, and the ruined walls still standing of the centre building and south wing are a sad sight. But the fact that not a single life was lost is matter for congratulation, and all the officers and attendants deserve the highest credit. The total loss will exceed $300,000.

Illinois Democratic Committee.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 8.—The Democratic state central committee met at the St. Nicholas hotel last night with almost every member present, and others all represented by proxy. The committee organized for the ensuing year by electing William H. Hinrichsen, of Jacksonville, chairman; Theodore Nelson, secretary. Franklin MacVeagh, of Chicago, nominated by the Democratic state convention last June for United States senator, was present and by invitation addressed the committee. He dwelt on the necessity of conducting a campaign of education by means of the press and pamphlets, and commencing at once. The address was enthusiastically received. Resolutions of thanks to Delos P. Phelps, the retiring chairman, were adopted.

Mysterious Attack on a Farmer.

DECATUR, Ills., Jan. 4.—Frank Wise, residing a few miles east of this city, was the subject of a mysterious attack. Several days ago a stranger called at Wise's residence and advised Wise to leave the vicinity. Later, at night, when Wise was returning from Maroa a man on horseback drove up beside him, drew a revolver, and began firing. The assailant rode rapidly away and disappeared, leaving Wise unhurt but badly frightened. Since the attack Wise's fences have been destroyed and several horses are missing and a threatening note has been found under a door.

Whitecap Devilry in Illinois.

DECATUR, Jan. 7.—The little town of Argenta, ten miles east of Decatur, is stirred up over a whitecap sensation. Several persons, male and female, have received mysterious warnings to change their manner of life or take the consequences. Mrs. Price, a widow, has received a threatening letter, and turned it over to the authorities. In the meantime the male members of the family have armed themselves and propose to make it hot for all intruders.

Died of Hydrophobia.

DECATUR, Ills., Jan. 8.—Ray, the son of John Randall, who lives in Cerro Gordo, east of Decatur, died of hydrophobia. He was bitten on Thanksgiving day by a strange dog that appeared in the neighborhood. On the same day the dog bit two horses and both have since died. A number of Decatur physicians were called to see the boy just before he died and they were all of the opinion that his death was the result of hydrophobia.

Illinois Village Fire Swept.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Jan. 7.—Fire destroyed the business portion of the village of Savery, four miles south of Champaign. E. L. Dunlap & Co.'s general store; R. Messersmith, general store, and John Armstrong's blacksmith shop were totally destroyed. The loss in stock and buildings is $9,000.

Eighth Illinois Beats the Record.

SPRINGFIELD, Jan. 8.—The internal revenue collections for 1894 in the Eighth district were the largest ever known, amounting to $8,220,108, against $6,552,058 for 1893, the largest previous year.

Farmer's Daughter Instantly Killed.

ATLANTA, Ills., Jan. 8.—Miss Anna Miller, a farmer's daughter, was instantly killed by being thrown from a buggy in a runaway. She was a student at Eureka college.

Raced Thirty-One Miles on Skates.

LACON, Ills., Jan. 4.—In a race between Bun Smith and Minor Owens, from Lacon to Peoria on skates Owens won by a half mile. Distance, 31 miles; time, 1:54½.

Notes of the State.

B. F. Hickie, a machinist of Pana, Ills., committed suicide at the Germania house in Indianapolis.

Eighty thousand dollars has been left to Monmouth (Ills.) college by Joseph Mathers, of Hudson county, who died recently in California.

George Galbraith committed suicide at Centralia, Ills., by shooting himself. The cause is unknown.

Governor Altgeld has appointed A. A. Culver of Momence a member of the state board of pharmacy to succeed L. C. Hogan of Englewood.

On the strength of a report of civic boodling in Toronto two ex-aldermen were arrested and many others are fugitives.

MACHINERY AND LABOR.

Investigation Begun by the Bureau at Washington.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 8.—A general investigation on the advance of machinery in the industrial world and its effect on labor has been begun by the bureau of labor. The object of the inquiry is to determine what modern machinery has done as compared to hand labor and what inroads machinery has made in the field formerly occupied by hand labor. It is the first time an investigation on this line has ever been attempted by the government and it is expected to prove an immense undertaking though less difficult to accomplish than some of the inquiries already made by the labor bureau.

Several of the agents have been already sent out to work, provided with circular inquiries calling for collection of various specific instances of hand labor, the time, cost and labor involved in the production of various articles, compared with the corresponding conditions in the modern factories. The work will require a year or more, and the whole force of twenty or twenty-five agents of the bureau in the field will be engaged on it after a few weeks, when the collection of statistics of strikes from 1887 to July last is completed.

MYSTERIOUSLY MISSING.

Disappearance of a Prominent Labor Leader of Montana.

BUTTE, Jan. 8.—Peter Breen, ex-member of the legislature, a prominent labor leader, and district master workman of the Knights of Labor in Montana, has disappeared, and his friends believe that he has been murdered. He went to New Orleans early in November as a delegate to the Knights of Labor convention, and upon his arrival he wrote in Butte, stating that he had trouble in being admitted as a delegate. Since then nothing has been heard from him, though his family and friends have instituted thorough inquiries. Breen has always been a strong Powderly advocate and an outspoken and fearless man, and his friends think that this quality made him enemies at the New Orleans convention. He has valuable mining interests in Montana and no reasons exist for his voluntary disappearance.

FATAL FIRE AT TORONTO.

Globe Newspaper Building Destroyed and Two Lives Lost.

TORONTO, Ont., Jan. 7.—The greatest fire that ever visited this city broke out in the boiler room of the Globe newspaper building, Yonge and Melinda streets, at 3 o'clock in the morning and before an hour two firemen had been fatally injured and business property to the value of $666,000 had been destroyed. The dead are: Robert Bowery, aged 24, fireman; Charles Swedley, fireman. The injured: Ardagh, chief of fire brigade, both legs broken, had gash in forehead, and injuries to back; Francis Forsyth, fireman, cut about the head and injured internally; Robert Foster, fireman, left leg broken and internal injuries; James Davidson, fireman, injured in head; Harry Sanders, fireman, leg broken and foot crushed.

Dr. Parkhurst's Plan of Reform.

NEW YORK, Jan. 3.—Dr. Parkhurst, discussing the re-organization of the police department, proposes that not later than July 1 next the term of service of the whole police organization be declared expired; that every member of the force above—perhaps including—the rank of sergeant be permanently "fired;" that each of the others should stand on his merits, preference being given them, other things being equal, and that the whole force should be governed by a single commissioner.

The Big Four at Louisville.

LOUILVILLE, Ky., Jan. 4.—Assistant General Manager Schaff, of the Big Four, announces that July 1 is the date fixed by that company for commencing business in Louisville. The company will build a large freight house. For the present the Big Four will use the old Ohio and Mississippi tracks (now Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern) between Jeffersonville and North Vernon, Ind., where connections will be made for Indianapolis, Chicago and Benton Harbor.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Jan. 7.

Money on call easy at 1@1½ per cent. Prime mercantile paper 2¾@4½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¼@486¾ for demand and 487¾@488¼ for sixty days; posted rates 488½@489 and 489½@490; commercial bills 485¾@486¼.

Silver certificates 60 bid; no sales; bar silver 59¾. Mexican dollars 48¾.

United States government bonds 5's regular 118½; 5's coupons 116½; 4's regular 113¼; 4's coupons 113; 2's regular 97½; Pacific 6's of '95 100.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—January, opened 54½c, closed 54c; May, opened 58¼c, closed 58c; July, opened 59c, closed 58¾c. Corn—January, opened 45c, closed 45c; May, opened 47¾c, closed 47½c. July, opened 47¾c, closed 47½c. Oats—January, opened —c, closed 27¾c; February, opened —c, closed 28¼c; May, opened 31c, closed 30¾c. Pork—January, opened —, closed $11.55; May, opened $11.75, closed $11.53. Lard—January, opened $6.87½, closed $6.82½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 24c per lb; extra dairy, 20c; packing stock, 8@9c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 20c per doz., loss off. Live Poultry—Chickens, spring, 6½@7½c per lb; turkeys, 8@9c; ducks, 8@9c; geese, 7@9c. Potatoes—Burbanks, 50@54c per bu; Hebrons, 46@51c; Early Rose, 50@54c. Sweet Potatoes—Illinois, $1.50@2.00 per bbl. Cranberries—Cape Cod, fair to good, $9.00@10.00 per bbl; choice to fancy, $10.50@11.50. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c per lb; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 5@6c.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Jan. 7.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 45,000; sales ranged at $2.50@3.00 pigs, $3.50@4.25 light, $4.00@4.20 rough packing, $3.95@4.55 mixed, and $4.25@4.75 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Receipts for the day, 18,000; quotations ranged at $5.10@5.80 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.55@5.00 good to choice do, $4.45@4.85 fair to good, $3.25@3.90 common to medium do, $3.00@3.60 butchers' steers, $2.20@2.90 stockers, $2.90@3.60 feeders, $1.25@2.70 cows, $2.30@3.30 heifers, $1.50@3.00 bulls, $2.25@3.10 Texas steers, $2.75@4.25 western rangers and $2.00@4.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day, 18,000; sales ranged at $2.25@3.40 westerns $1.75@3.00 Texans, $1.50@3.60 natives and $2.60@4.25 lambs.

Milwaukee Grain.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 7.

Wheat—No. 2 spring, 54½c; No. 1 northern, 54c; May, 58½c. Corn—No. 3, 44c. Oats—No. 2 white, 31½c; No. 3 white, 31¼c. Barley—No. 2, 53½c; samples, 54@55½c. Rye—No. 1, 50c.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Thursday, Jan. 3.

Supposed murderers of William H. Price, a prominent citizen of Cleveland, who was murdered three weeks ago, have been arrested. They are Charles P. Bens, a coachman; Thomas Grant, a laborer; J. Johnson, a carpenter, and Harry Gruninger, a small merchant.

An A. P. A. member of the Washington legislature has a resolution to introduce in which the national government is requested to give Mgr. Satolli his "passports."

Fireman Charles Snyder, of Fort Wayne, Ind., was instantly killed, his neck being broken; Engineer William Hayes, of Butler, Ind., suffered a broken leg; Burt Simmons, engineer, was badly hurt about the legs and head; Charles Crawford, engineer, was badly hurt on his right leg; H. Davis, a brakeman, of Good Hope, O., and others were slightly hurt, by a collision of freight trains on the Ohio Southern near Bainbridge, O.

The grand jury at Chicago has found "no bill" in the Kern case, but reported that the system was bad and should be changed.

Senator Wolcott has been nominated to succeed himself by the Republicans by the Colorado legislature. This insures his re-election.

Friday, Jan. 4.

Coxey has opened headquarters for 1896 under the banner of "Non-Interest Bearing Bonds and the Initiative and Referendum."

The remains of Premier Thompson, of Canada, have been buried in the Holy Cross cemetery at Halifax, N. S., with all the elaboration of the Roman Catholic ritual and in the presence of an immense throng.

Stephen Roper, 71 years of age and the author of technical books for engineers and firemen which years ago gave him much fame, is a pauper in the hands of the St. Louis police.

The Rev. Thomas A. Hughes, a priest at the St. Louis university, has been summoned to Rome to work in the Vatican library.

Great suffering in Newfoundland has been in a measure relieved by the adoption of a bill by the legislature guaranteeing the notes of the Union and Commercial banks.

Henry Clements, 26, and Miss Lillie Della, 21, of Lima, O., were drowned in the Maumee river while skating. They were to have been married the next day.

Saturday, Jan. 5.

John Burns, the British socialist, has sailed for England in the Etruria because, he said, the employes on board are paid better wages than on any other vessel.

Democrats at the county elections in Georgia carried all but fifteen counties, regaining a number which were Populist at the previous two elections. There are 130 counties in the state.

The lawyer who is defending Blixt, the actual butcher of Miss Ging at Minneapolis, will use the Kansas plea—hypnotism—to free his client.

George E. Adams ex-member of congress from Chicago, has entered the arena as an avowed candidate for the United States senatorship from Illinois.

Ex-Congressman Butler, the Iowa lost and found, has reached Vinton, Ia., where his wife is with her brother. He is looking well and seems much pleased to meet his family.

Nelson Whitaker, the millionaire iron manufacturer, of Wheeling, W. Va., has announced his candidacy for the United States senate.

Monday, Jan. 7.

Bandits stole the 6-year-old son of Charles G. Wickham, of Lebanon, Ind., and took him to a cave, hoping to secure a large reward. One of the gang was captured and confessed. The child was found and restored to its almost distracted parents.

Three men were killed by the blowing up of the Miama Powder works near Xenia, O.; a sawmill at Metz, Mo., exploded and fatally wounded two men; four men were fatally hurt by an explosion at the Mayer coke plant, Uniontown, Pa., and two men were killed in a collision on the Lehigh Valley road near White Haven, Pa.

Judge Ricks, at Cleveland, is considering a motion to sell the Toledo, Ann Arbor and North Michigan railway made by agreement of parties interested. Decision Jan. 15.

Cowboys will race from Minneapolis to Chicago for various prizes, beginning with one in cash. The race will start Feb. 7, all traveling by the same road.

Tuesday, Jan. 8.

The late John Walter, proprietor of the London Times, left a personal estate of £293,573, all of which goes to his children.

John Eldridge, brother of a wealthy Chicago man, was killed for $35 at Denver.

Mrs. W. H. Bannister, of Tarrytown, whose husband was, until last summer, law partner of Senator Lexow, has eloped with a hackman, taking her child with her. Her friends say the couple have gone to Bismarck, N. D.

The Actors' Protective Union, of Boston, is considering a plan for securing for the 50,000 actors in this country an amendment to the national election laws whereby they will be allowed to vote in the place where their profession may call them on election day.

Heavy rains and dissolved snow have started floods in the Ohio river.

Mrs. William Flint of Utica, N. Y., shot her husband and his mother because of the latter's interference in her affairs.

Excelled by None

Mr. C. F. King

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly excelled by none." C. F. KING, Verona, N. J.

Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

CHAPTER VIII.

Again the unhappy lovers hastened along the dark and narrow streets and rapped at the door of a justice of the peace in a remote part of the town. A woman's voice responded that he was out and would not be back before morning. And so the last hope had fled.

With arms wound about each other's waists, as if in protest against the coming separation, which seemed inevitable, they silently took the direction of the plaza. The girl's form trembled in the embrace of the young man in the effort to suppress her emotion, and he had no consolation to offer. Their case seemed hopeless.

"My darling girl," said the despairing lover when they reached the border of the square, "we have failed."

"Philip, Philip, how can I"——

"Dona, darling, it may turn out all right yet if you do not yield a consent to the union with Ortega. Tomorrow I will appeal to your father. From what you have told me and what I have observed I think he will not strongly oppose our attachment. But should everything turn out for the worst I shall always be grateful to you for the boon of your love and the unvarying trust you have reposed in me. I shall always—ah, see! Lights are approaching from your house! The alcalde has made his report, and some persons are coming this way."

"Let us not attempt to avoid them," replied Teresa. "They may do what they please. Kiss me, dear, perhaps for the last time."

As Philip bent and bestowed a kiss upon the trembling, upturned lips of his beautiful companion a ringing and familiar bark broke upon his ear, and turning in its direction he saw by the light from a neighboring window the figure of a dog flash from out the darkness and begin leaping about him in an ecstasy of delight. Before he could answer this sudden greeting with a caress the wild creature was leaping upon Teresa, and the girl had taken the dog in her arms, and stooping low was holding it to her breast and nestling her cheek between the silky ears.

"Oh, Vicky, dear," said she, "you who helped us before in our sore distress, you can do nothing for us now."

"My God, Teresa, she can!" exclaimed Philip as a sudden conviction swept over him. "She came here with Judge Benedict, an American judge and my friend! Let her loose, dearest. Here, Vic, come here! Take this," handing her his memorandum pad. "Go to the judge—to the judge—go! Now, darling, let us follow."

The setter, having taken the pad in her mouth, dropped all further demonstrations of delight and started along a street in the direction from which she had appeared, occasionally pausing for her friends to come up, and presently halted before a house a few rods from the plaza.

Judge Benedict was the chief justice of the United States court for the territory of New Mexico. He was a man of great ability, strong in his attachments and prejudices, violent in his passions and earnest in his convictions. In stature he was above 6 feet, of fine figure and handsome countenance.

When the lieutenant and Dona Teresa reached the door of the judge's lodgings, no light shone from the windows, and it was evident that his honor, if within, had gone to bed. Raymer showered a succession of knocks upon the panels, to which Vic lent the aid of some lively scratching. Presently a deep voice called: "What is it? Who's there?"

"It is I, Raymer," was the answer. "Let me in, quick, judge. Do not delay!"

A moment later the door was flung open and as quickly shut and bolted behind the lieutenant, Teresa and Vic.

"Judge, I am here with Teresa Valencia to be married. If you value my happiness and hers, do not refuse us! We are pursued! Do not delay!"

"Hush, hush, my boy," replied the grave voice of the judge. "I understand the whole matter. No better fortune could happen to such estimable young people than to be made husband and wife. It is a match I fully approve. Let me make myself presentable."

The judge retired to his bedroom, partially closed the door and lighted a lamp. By the light Raymer saw that the curtains of the windows of the room in which he and Teresa were standing, and which looked upon the street, were raised and the lower half of the sashes open. He lowered the sashes, and in pulling down the shades exerted so much strength that he totally wrecked the fixtures of one and left it a ruin on the floor. Returning to the side of his companion, he saw the face of the Alcalde Vicentio appear for an instant at the curtainless window, peer eagerly in and disappear.

"Quick, judge! We are discovered!" exclaimed Raymer, greatly excited. "A man looked in at the window and ran away!"

The judge was heard to open an inner door and call:

"Patrick! Patrick!"

"Sor?" replied a sleepy voice.

"Get into your clothes quickly and come here. I want you as a witness. Don't stop to dress fully."

"Yes, yer honor. I'll be there in a jiffy."

The judge appeared an instant afterward, accompanied by a stalwart Irish serving man in his shirt sleeves. Benedict wore a dilapidated dressing gown,

"Quick, judge! We are discovered!"

and the ends of his suspenders were visible at his slippered but stockingless heels. Placing a blank upon the table and opening a prayer book at the marriage service, he requested the handsome couple to stand before him, remarking that he should omit all but the essential part of the ceremony.

"Do not be alarmed, my dear," he said to Dona Teresa. "This is a little irregular, but it is safe and sure, and Philip Raymer is a gentleman worthy of you. Join hands."

"Philip, wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor and keep her in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her so long as you both shall live?"

"I will," answered the lieutenant.

"Teresa, wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy state of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, serve him"——

At this point there came a loud knocking at the door, and at the window two faces were seen, one of them that of Senora Valencia, who gesticulated wildly and called to her daughter. A little behind stood Senor Valencia, his arms folded across his breast and attempting no interference with the proceedings. The judge continued the ceremony in spite of the disturbance.

——"and love, honor and keep him in sickness and in health, and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him so long as you both shall live?"

"I will," responded Teresa.

"Then as a justice of the supreme court I pronounce you man and wife. Now, Mrs. Raymer, sign that blank on the table with your maiden name, and we will complete it later."

The knocking at the door had ceased and all was silent as Teresa wrote her name and received the marital kiss. Then the judge told Patrick to open the door. Senora Valencia, followed closely by her husband, entered the room, but the latter quickly returned to the doorway and said to the alcalde, who stood there:

"Mateo Vicentio, you are the only person out of my own household who has witnessed what has just taken place in this house. Remember, you are not to speak of it without my permission at any time."

"Si, senor, I understand," replied the justice.

"Go home at once, all of you. My servants know what I expect of them."

During these remarks the mother advanced, and Teresa threw her arms about her neck and suffered herself to be enveloped in a blanket shawl and led into the street. The father stood aside until they had passed and then followed, all three quickly disappearing in the darkness. Victoriana, who had deposited the memorandum pad with which she had been charged at the judge's feet before the lighting of the lamp, now left the corner from which she had watched the ceremony, and going to the doorway gazed after the departing Teresa. A moment later she approached her master and looked questioningly into his face.

"Yes, little one," said Philip. "Go with the lady and stay with her if you choose. Go!"

With a bound the dog was out of the door and flying after her newly made mistress.

"Let me put on some more clothing, Mr. Raymer," said his honor, "and I will fill out this paper." The dressing completed, he made out the certificate, which Raymer signed and Patrick witnessed.

"Ought not there to be two witnesses?" asked the young man.

"There are places for two signatures, but you had witnesses enough at the window to make it valid. It cannot be disputed that you are married. Patrick, you may go."

After the servant had gone the judge added his own signature, placed his official seal upon the document and handed it to Raymer. Leaning back comfortably in his chair, he said:

"I have done you a service tonight and have asked no questions, Mr. Raymer. Will you not reward me by telling how this marriage came about? It is scarcely possible that you have won this beautiful and accomplished girl in the brief time you have been in Albuquerque."

"You are right, sir," answered the lieutenant. "She was not lightly won. I will tell you the story with pleasure, for you have earned a right to know it. You rescued us from the depths of despair." Then the young husband related much that has been detailed in these pages. When he had finished, the judge said:

"Thank you for a delightful romance. The brave has certainly won the fair. And Vic has won a loving mistress. By the way, that invaluable doggie has done you two bits of rare service. It is difficult to see how this marriage could have been brought about without her assistance. When you taught her in Santa Fe to come to me with messages, I thought little of it, but her acquaintance with 'the judge' served you a good turn tonight and, let us believe, for all time. Mrs. Stockton will be delighted to learn the result of her plan. Have you told her what you have told me?"

"Mrs. Stockton—and her plans!" said the astonished lieutenant. "I do not understand. I have told her nothing."

"It is simply this," explained the judge. "She thought you were interested in Dona Teresa, and she secured your detail here to afford you an opportunity."

"I still do not understand. How could she get me detailed on detached service?"

"Nothing easier—commanding officer's wife, you now. She heard that a lieutenant was wanted here, and she suggested you. When I was leaving Santa Fe to hold court here, she told me, jestingly as I supposed, that if you wanted my services for a marriage ceremony to be sure to give them. Queer, wasn't it? When you came here tonight, it seemed as if it was by appointment."

"Really I am at a loss what to think. Mrs. Stockton has learned nothing of my adventures from me since the wagon master encounter before the convent gate. I told her that."

"She has other sources of information. She is a frequent caller at the governor's palace, where Dona Teresa must have told her cousins and aunts of the La Roca Grande, Los Ojos Frios and El Rio Jemez affairs. She doubtless heard of them and lent her aid to further the one proper and inevitable conclusion—the one consummated tonight."

"Perhaps you are right. I had overlooked the palace connection. I am grateful for her assistance. You have known Teresa for some time, have you not?"

"I have long been one of her admirers. Being a married man as well as an elderly, Mexican households have not been so jealously guarded against me. I have frequently met her at her father's home and at the governor's. I have always thought that Valencia had educated his daughter out of Mexican life, and, in fact, I once told him he had so Americanized the girl that he ought to marry her to an American and afford her a wider social sphere. Lately he has been inquiring about you, your family, education, means, etc. Everything seems to have managed itself for you and given you a beautiful wife—beautiful in person and mind."

"The manner in which Teresa was spirited away by her mother makes me almost doubt my title," said Philip.

"You have no cause for alarm," observed Benedict. "No one can deprive you of her. Have patience for a few days. I think, while Don Hunfredo may feel nettled at the manner of the marriage, he is not displeased at the fact. Next to his wife, his daughter is the dearest thing in life to him, and he will do anything reasonable to insure her happiness. The circumstance of his making the inquiries I mentioned and that he allowed his daughter to meet you without la senora's knowledge, looks favorable. I think it will not be many days before you hear from him, and all will be well. In the meantime tell no one you are married. Valencia and his family will say nothing, and I will see to Patrick."

Little more was said, and a few minutes before midnight the lieutenant departed for his quarters. The next day the officer whom he had temporarily relieved returned to duty, and a few days afterward Raymer returned to Santa Fe.

One week later Padre Gutierrez and Senor Valencia arrived at the capital and sought the lieutenant at his rooms.

"Mr. Raymer," said Valencia after the formal greetings were passed, "permit me to see your marriage certificate."

The officer met the speaker's eye inquiringly, but without hesitation went to his desk for the paper and handed it to him. Senor Valencia unfolded it, took up a pen, signed as second witness, "Hunfredo Camilo Valencia y Perea." Refolding the document, he held it out to the young man. But with choked utterance Raymer said:

"Keep it, sir. It is justly the property of your daughter. I see by your act that you have forgiven me."

"I will acknowledge, Mr. Raymer, that the undress character of that ceremony in Albuquerque shocked me, but I have no desire to undo it. I had all along favored my daughter's attachment, as you may have guessed from some favors I granted you. I also acknowledge that your gallant conduct in several times protecting Teresa when in danger entitled you to her gratitude and love, but I expected that you would wait upon me for my consent to your suit. I did not take into account your military ability to achieve results. My desire now is to bury that civil marriage under a more imposing one. My brother, Father Gutierrez, will explain."

The padre advanced, took Raymer's hand, and after shaking it for the second time heartily said:

"You were born under a lucky star, my son. Everything seems to yield to your dash and confidence. Well, I think you deserve the prize you have won, and I believe it a fair exchange of prizes too. How will a wedding in the cathedral, the bishop to officiate, with groomsmen, bridesmaids, etc., suit you?"

"Padre mio, I place everything in your hands and the hands of Teresa and her parents. Do as you please. I only reserve the right to name the 'best man.'"

Two months later the marriage sacrament was celebrated. No society event had in years created such a whirl of excitement in the New Mexican capital. With military ushers, the regimental band for the wedding march, the bishop and vicar general to conduct the ceremony, it was a grand wedding.

After the marriage, in the parlors of El Palacio del Gobernador, La Senora Valencia embraced and kissed Philip and told him he was a splendid fellow and deserved the heart he had won. She did not blame her child for loving him, for he possessed many qualities dear to a woman. He was gentle, brave, honest and handsome.

THE END.

A Woman's Revenge.

A man of the world was wont to call not infrequently upon a young widow. One day the pretty maid at the door announced that her mistress was out of town. On some pretext, however, the man entered. He also talked to the maid. Some days later, knowing that the lady had returned, he called again. He was a bit surprised when a strange maid met him at the door and showed him to the little reception room. While she carried his card up the stairs he reflected that she was not so dainty as her predecessor, and she was not so pretty, though her uniform was similar, and her cap was as stiff and her apron as spotless. He was realizing how much more the woman is to the dress than the dress is to the woman when the maid returned and announced promptly: "Mrs. —— is not receiving." The man of the world bit his lip—it was the first time he had ever been denied admittance—and moved toward the door. The maid held it open for him, and as he passed through it she blurted out, "And she says, if you please, sir, the maids receive in the kitchen, sir."—Illustrated American.

The Same, but Different.

Two letters were once addressed to a certain corps commander of the Army of the Potomac on the eve of a forward movement, one of them written by General Halleck, chief of the staff, and the other by President Lincoln. General Halleck's letter contained a warning couched in this fashion: "In undertaking to place your command on the opposite shore of the Rappahannock you will exercise extreme caution in affording full protection to advance, rear and flanks, in order that the enemy may not be encouraged to make an attack while your forces are separated in the act of crossing." This was good advice. Lincoln gave it to the same commander in the note which he wrote to him, but this was the form in which he expressed it: "Look out, when you cross the river, that you don't hang yourself up in the middle like a steer on a fence, neither able to hook with your horns nor kick with your hoofs."

British Cart Horses.

The British cart horse's descent can be traced from the great horse originally imported from Flanders and Lombardy, but much improved since those days by judicious crossing and careful selection of parents. The Stuarts first introduced quality, but size was wanting, for when William III ascended the throne and sought to drain the Lincolnshire fens he found that the British cart horse of this date was not strong enough for the tasks imposed upon him. Consequently he imported large Dutch horses, the old Lincolnshire Blacks.

The Dukes of Ancaster also brought over to this country similar breeds from Holland. This was the first step of any note which gave an impetus for the improvement of our coarser equine stock and formed the main root from which our cart horses have proceeded.—Nineteenth Century.

Soot Water For Plants.

Soot water, made from the soot of wood fires, is said to be an excellent fertilizer of house or outdoor plants. The soot should be brushed down from the chimneys with a long handled brush, gathered into a quart bag and soaked in rainwater overnight. The water, black as ink, will be ready for use the next morning. To use about house plants it should be considerably diluted. It has a tendency to bake the soil and can easily be too strong for the little amount of earth in window box or pot. It is a perfect destroyer of insects and worms that sometimes infest house plants and may be used in such cases once or twice a week until they disappear.—New York Times.

Enormous Evaporation Figures.

An average of five feet of water is estimated to fall annually over the whole of the earth's surface. Assuming that condensation takes place at an average height of 3,000 feet, the force of evaporation necessary to supply moisture for such a prodigious raintall must be equal to the lifting of 322,000,000 pounds of water 3,000 feet every minute, day and night, during the entire year. To supply this enormous amount of moisture a stratum of the entire ocean surface of the globe not less than 7½ feet thick must be taken up by the clouds and returned to earth once each 365 days.—St. Louis Republic.

Animals at Play.

Animals have a keen sense of "making believe," which is the essence of play. A child's first game is bopeep—make believe. When a couple of dogs have a jolly tussle, they make believe to engage in deadly combat. A striking instance of this occurred to a writer some years back. He gave a dead mouse to a kitten. It was the first time she had seen one, and she sniffed at it inquisitively before deciding to toss it about.

A pair of slippers lay on the floor. She dropped the mouse into one of them and immediately proceeded to look for it most zealously in the other slipper till I took up the first, which contained her booty. Then she showed that it was no real lack of memory that had sent her on the bootless search.—Buffalo Express

BUILDING A STATUE.

The Mechanical Part of the Work Requires Great Skill.

After the artist has got a clear idea of the thing he is going to do he makes a clay model or a "sketch or study figure," commonly about 2 feet in height, which is formed in potter's clay and enables the artist to experiment with the action and draping of the figure, as the parts can be readily bent and pushed about, for, however clearly the image may be defined in the mind, as the work progresses modifications are suggested which tempt the artist to vary from the original conception. This preliminary study may engage his attention through several months, as upon it depend the composition and character of the full size statue.

Having completed the study figure, preparations are made for the larger work. We will assume that the statue is to be a male figure, of heroic size, standing in an easy, upright posture and clothed with the ordinary male attire. A low, strongly constructed bench —known as a "banca"—is placed in a proper relation to the lighting of the studio. Upon this bench a somewhat rude but carefully constructed iron framework is erected, corresponding in its general features to the human skeleton and consisting of an iron standard firmly fastened to the top of the bench and long enough to reach the top of the breast bone.

A piece of stout lead pipe, long enough to nearly reach the crown of the head, is attached to the upper end of the standard, which enables the modeler to give the desired action to the head by bending the neck of the figure. A crosspiece of wood or iron is firmly fastened to the standard at the line of the shoulders, to either end of which is attached a piece of lead pipe representing the bones of the arm. A similar crosspiece is placed at the line of the hips, to one end of which is attached a piece of lead pipe, which serves as the bones of the leg, which may be slightly bent at the knee, and is also firmly fastened to the top of the bench, the iron standard, which is the main support of the figure, serving a similar purpose for the other limb. The lengths, positions and bendings of these several pieces must be determined with absolute accuracy to keep the metal within the outline of the figure and to avoid their interference with the modeling of the surface parts.

From all parts of the framework a large number of small wooden crosses are suspended by copper wire, which serve as supports to the mass of clay, which in its plastic state will settle and defeat the best efforts of the modeler. The soft clay is now firmly packed with the hands around the various parts of the skeleton until the effigy begins to assume the proportions and outline of the human figure. The utmost care is required in placing the shoulders, hips, knee joints and other salient points in their precise proper relation to each other, for not only the pose and proportions, but the success of the draping depend upon accuracy in these particulars. The figure is first carefully modeled in a nude condition, and then the drapery is laid on fold by fold, all being carefully reproduced from the preliminary sketch model and improved by constant reference to real clothing worn by a living person employed for the purpose. During the progress of such a work, which may occupy the sculptor one or two years, the clay requires constant attention to avoid drying, settling and cracking, and is kept in proper condition by a judicious sprinkling of water several times each day and the immediate filling with fresh clay of every appearance of a crack.

As soon as the statue is completed in clay and while yet in a plastic condition a mold is made over it with plaster of paris in a manner that admits of its being lifted away from the clay model in sections of convenient size. This process involves the destruction of the clay model, but a perfect matrix or mold is secured, into which fresh plaster is cast, and when this is sufficiently set the mold is chipped off with a chisel and mallet, leaving a perfect reproduction of the clay figure in pure white plaster. If the final work is to be in marble, the plaster cast is given over to an expert marble worker, who by mechanical means reduces the block of marble to a facsimile of the plaster. If the statue is to be in bronze, the model is placed in the hands of the bronze founders.—Monument Sculptor and Decorator.

Sumner's Invariable Dignity.

Sumner's figure was tall, well knit and handsome. He had a noble head, a profusion of dark brown hair, which was arranged with an appearance of studied neligence, and his presence was always commanding and dignified. He was one of the few men whom visitors to the senate galleries first asked to have pointed out to them. He affected a picturesque style of dress, wearing colors brighter than those which predominated in the senatorial togas of the period. His favorite costume was a brown coat and light waistcoat, lavender colored or checked trousers and shoes with English gaiters. His appearance in his seat in the senate chamber was studiously dignified. He once told me that he never allowed himself, even in the privacy of his own chamber, to fall into a position which he would not take in his chair in the senate. "Habit," he said, "is everything." This being repeated to jolly Senator Nesmith of Oregon, he said, "I wonder how Sumner would look in his nightshirt."—Noah Brooks in Century.

Freckles, a New Theory.

Erle, a 5-year-old, was visiting his cousin Merrill, several years his senior, whose face was somewhat disfigured with freckles. A new penknife had been given to Erle, and, childlike, he at once put the blade in his mouth. Merrill cautioned him not to do this, as it would make rust spots on the blade. "Well," observed Erle, closely scanning his cousin's face, "you must have had your whole face in your mouth, for it's got rust spots all over it."—Voice

HOW THE ORIENTALS CREMATE.

Open Fires In Which the Body Rises to a Sitting Posture.

In traveling through India large bonfires are frequently to be seen in secluded spots on the outskirts of cities, surrounded by apparently merrymaking circles of natives. One afternoon while wandering through the suburbs of Bombay to escape for awhile the bustle and confusion of this magnificent city of temples and palaces I discovered through the trees in the distance the familiar bonfire. Being an American, with the bump of curiosity strongly developed, an irresistible desire to approach this particular spot predominated. The scene contrasted strangely with what was anticipated. A group of men sat piously guarding the sacred fire, for it proved to be that the last rites were being enacted to a kinsman.

Among this particular caste the last tribute to the dead is one striking in its solemn originality. When life becomes extinct, the body of the deceased, strongly impregnated with the odor of sweet spices, is swathed in the finest linen and permitted to remain a few hours in the midst of the bereaved friends, whose lamentations and strange wailings, as if from another world, are, to say the least, appalling. In token of their intense grief each member of the family submits immediately to the operation of having the hair cut off the head. Should it be a widow who is left to mourn, as her sorrow is still greater, her head is completely shaved. These daughters of the east overflow with pride for their beautiful tresses; hence it is that it is sacrificed at the altar of the dead.

Meanwhile the remains, with much ceremony, are borne forth on a wagon, with an arch of rush matting of considerable height concealing it from the vulgar gaze. It is usually drawn by bullocks and accompanied by immediate friends only to receive earth's last peace offering at the shrine of the gods. Arriving at the holy place, where the great fire already begins to loom out under the canopy of heaven, the deceased is taken from the bier and placed, with much solemnity, in the heat of the yet slowly kindling brands. The men, wrapped in the purest white sheets, withdraw to a little distance under the shade. Not a word is spoken; no requiem sung. The time is devoted to silent supplications to the gods, whose brazen or stone figures stand near by in attitudes of the profoundest humility. At intervals, raising their heads apparently, then falling to the earth on their faces, again standing with their arms extended, they offer their petitions. A few sit gloomily under the olive trees, whose duty it is to keep the fire up to a certain pitch, never seeming to relax a muscle.

Suddenly the gestures cease. An attitude of intense anxiety now prevails. The anxious eyes are fixed severely on the fire that is slowly consuming the remains of their fellow man. They look expectant, as if on the alert for something. Presently the body, released of its pinions, severed by the fire, moves, springs perhaps to an upright position amid the flames, scattering the fire in all directions. It is a sight revolting and horrible in the extreme, causing even a little consternation among the natives. To the stranger the spectacle is agonizing to behold, for it seems a human soul urging and swaying amid a whirling mass of blue vapor as if struggling in death's agony. We were told that when the fire reaches a particular portion of the back the contraction causes the body to rise to a sitting position. All the mourners in one accord call upon the name of the Most High, then rush to the spot and press heavily on the ghastly figure with great poles, each moment with renewed vigor, until it resists no longer and sinks, to be finally lost amid the fury of the flames, the fire having by this time increased to its height.

Once more the mourners seek their retreat and prostrate themselves silently at the feet of the deities for some moments, then utter loudly ejaculations and supplications to the gods, this time, if possible, with greater solemnity and reverence. Then they resume their former positions, to keep again their vigil of the dead. The voices die out, and in silent meditation they patiently watch the embers smolder away until all is over and the ashes of their kinsman are floating widely through the air.—Boston Transcript.

Cold In the Head.

Colds in the head become prevalent with the approach of winter. People often ask how these troublesome complaints may be prevented. Probably the only satisfactory way of warding off these ailments is to maintain a high standard of one's health, and to this general axiom I would certainly add that we should endeavor to avoid heated rooms and foul air and to brace our lungs up as much as possible by free ventilation and outdoor exercise. When a cold in the head seizes you, camphor is a good remedy. Try a camphor inhalation. A teaspoofnul of powdered camphor is added to a jug of boiling water, or put into an inhaler, and the steam is inhaled through the nose for five or ten minutes at a time. This inhalation may be repeated every four or five hours but the patient must keep the house, and remain in an even temperature when so treating his or her case. A few drops of spirits of camphor taken on a piece of sugar are also recommended.—New York Dispatch.

Diversity of Human Beings.

The French anthropometric bureau, founded and conducted by M. Bertillon, have found that out of nearly half a million persons who have passed through their hands no two individuals were exactly the same in all the particulars recorded. M. Francis Galton, F. R. S., having taken the finger prints of 2,500 persons and found a difference in every case, deduces from this fact that the probability of a resemblance occurring is about 1 in 64,000,000.

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CHICAGO, JANUARY 12, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—Mr. John Drew.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Incog."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—"The New Black Crook."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—"The London Gaiety Girl."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"1492."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"A Temperance Town."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—"The Ensign."

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"Fantasma."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—"Pawn Ticket 210."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway;
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

ATTEND TO YOUR ANNUAL BILLS.

Our subscribers, who began at the beginning, in January, 1882, and some who began since, will receive their annual bills this week, both in the city and country. We hope it will be unnecessary to impress upon them the desirability of a prompt and generous response. It is very unpleasant to us to have to remind our friends more than once of their indebtedness, and we hope there will be no occasion to do so after this announcement. It is perfectly safe to say that nine-tenths of the people who take THE CITIZEN can pay their bills without inconvenience, and that the delinquents are, in most cases, careless rather than dishonest. But carelessness is no excuse. Nobody excuses a careless engineer, or lawyer, or doctor, or dentist, or any other person on whom the public depends for service. Carelessness often becomes a crime. It is not much trouble for anybody to send a check, a postoffice order, an express order, or a registered letter. All these are safe mediums for sending money.

Subscriptions that come in slowly do little good. It is the volume that renders them effective. In cases where subscribers owe arrears, they can send what they can afford to pay, if they cannot remit the full amount at once. THE CITIZEN is not unreasonable, but it has been sorely tried by the culpable negligence of many of the people who should be foremost in sustaining it, and has to do some plain public speaking in consequence. It is slow to anger, but, when it gets properly mad, those who unjustly provoke it will wish they had not.

We call particular attention to the list of desirable prizes offered this season. They do not call for the formation of large clubs. They are within reach of everybody who has the least approach to enthusiasm or energy. There are very few people who have not a friend or two, or more, who will be willing to help them obtain a desirable premium, thus doing a double good work—spreading the light of education and patriotism, and helping to extend the circulation of THE CITIZEN. To repeat, we have placed the prizes this year within the reach of every subscriber who has a particle of enterprise or energy. We decided not to offer premiums that call for no particular exertion, and, besides, the grand list of premiums we offer, which call for only a little extra exertion, makes it impossible for us to offer gratuitous prizes, except at a loss, which no honest subsscriber will expect us to sustain. And, as a matter of fact, in former years, very little advantage was taken of THE CITIZEN'S liberality in this connection.

Now, good friends, in conclusion, pay immediate attention to your bills, get them off your hands and your minds at once, and, thereby, render yourselves and THE CITIZEN happy. Remember the old, and philosophic, saying of your fathers, "Short accounts make long friends." Come to the front and pay like Irishmen, which means men of spirit and of principle.

"MORAL FORCE" AGITATION DISCREDITED.

We have received a pointed letter from a Queen's Irishman in this city finding fault with THE CITIZEN for saying, what is perfectly true by the way, that the Irish Parliamentary party is a demoralized and impotent body and that agitation is a failure. This has made the Queen's Irishman, and all other Queen's Irishmen, who have read our article, very angry. Why? Because they know we are aiding the most earnest section of our people in pricking a bubble that has been allowed to flaunt itself too long on the surface of the soap-suds which fills the Anglo-Irish political tub, in which both factions have washed their foul linen in public. It is an abomination, this unclean tub, and, with God's help, we will do all that lies in our power to dump its dirty contents into the British cesspool to which they properly belong, and begin again the task of Irish regeneration with water pure and healing as that which, nineteen hundred years ago, purified the souls of men in the waves of the Jordan.

We really have commiseration for the Irishman, or the Irish-American, who has any hope for Ireland centered in the Whig party, or any other British political organization. We are asked if we are opposed to home rule, as it is called. Of course we are not, but we are opposed to acting as if we thought the English ever meant to grant it in any form worth the having. An Irish Whig orator, who had done much in his early life to secure Catholic Emancipation, once called Repeal of the Union "a splendid phantom." He said, also, that Ireland would be more certain to win total separation, under favorable conditions, than such a boon as the restoration of Grattan's parliament, with modern reforms tacked on to it. Now no orator, not even Richard Lalor Shiel himself, could call Gladstone's home rule project "a splendid phantom." He might, indeed, logically call it a phantom—a shabby not a splendid phantom. Grattan's parliament meant Ireland a Nation, with crazy old George III, or some of his descendants, upon her back as monarch, while Gladstone's parliament means Ireland a Province, with the Union Jack as a saddle, so that nobody might misunderstand her position toward England. But the British won't grant Ireland even that much. They don't intend to, unless they are cornered, and, in that case, the Irish people would be worse than idiots to sell out so cheap.

Why was Grattan's parliament strangled? Because, when Portugal, after the declaration of 1780, which gave Ireland a free commerce, as that of 1782 gave her an independent parliament, when Portugal, we repeat, instigated by a member of the British cabinet, refused to receive Irish goods in her ports, and Sir Lucius O'Brien, member for Clare, called upon George III to declare war against Portugal, as *King of Ireland*, all Britain was shocked and scandalized. The idea of George III declaring war against any power whatever for the mere honor of Ireland was something quite disgusting, of course, to every true born Briton; and, forthwith, the English minister and the English press began to throw out hints about the incongruity of one king and two independent parliaments, which was, indeed, natural and logical. Then, when Irish manufactures, under the fostering care of a native parliament, began to revive, and when Dublin, with a resident aristocracy and wealthy middle class, became one of the handsomest capitals in Europe, the demon of British jealousy was still further aroused, and the British statesmen swore deeply, and kept the oath, that the Irish parliament must perish. Great Britain could not afford to allow Ireland to grow up to be a political and commercial power in her very front garden, so to speak. The poet Drennan truly described the situation of Ireland, about that period:

"In her soil, in her sons, in her station
thrice blest
With her back toward Britain, her face
to the West!
Erin stands proudly insular."

This proud insularity, which existed a hundred years ago, and thousands of years before that period, exists today, and England, although she has, since the passage of the Union act, which went into operation Jan. 1, 1801, succeeded in crushing out nearly every Irish industry of prominence, except the linen, whisky and malt liquor manufactures, is still as watchful and as suspicious as she ever was. She will not trust Ireland, because she knows that Ireland would not trust her under similar circumstances. There is a worse than bloody chasm between the two peoples. Into that chasm of despair has also been cast, Ireland's murdered constitution, and three solemn international compacts shamefully violated by England. It is simply fatuitous folly to put trust in a country that has no regard for treaties with people weaker than herself.

In looking back over the history of Irish agitations, we are unable to find where any of them succeeded, except Catholic Emancipation, which the Duke of Wellington himself acknowledged was granted as an alternative to civil war. The disestablishment of the government church in Ireland, and the partial reform of the land laws, followed, as is sufficiently well known, the operations of the Fenian organization in the United States, Canada and Ireland, but particularly in the heart of England itself.

Mr. Parnell's agitation for land reform and, later, for home rule, was based on a method of passive resistance, as boycotting for example, or else moral coercion of British parties in the house of commons. Yet that great leader's partial victory was delusive. Success depended on his single life, and, even then, it could not be, in the nature of things, complete. Like other great leaders, his early exertions, which were stupendous, exhausted him physically and mentally, and the Parnell that died after the Creggs meeting was not the Parnell who defied Gladstone and compelled the Tories to negotiate for home rule. As Marshal Soult said to General Hill, "Your Wellington did not encounter the great Napoleon. He fought with a corpulent Corsican." Still Parnell's death destroyed the only hope of agitation ever winning for Ireland. We ask the most enthusiastic supporter of the parliamentary policy, Can you put your finger on a man in Anglo-Irish public life today who is fit to fill Parnell's shoes?

Under all these circumstances, it seems to us wicked to pursue further the parliamentary delusion. We must adopt a bolder policy, and that policy must be defined by the best judgment of the Irish race in Ireland and everywhere. We, in the United States, who have heretofore been Ireland's most devoted allies, will, in future, be still more so. Agitation is a back number among the Irish-American people, who count for anything in the great struggle. Indeed, it may be truly described as "a sickly exotic" whose day has departed. It is time for the men of action, educated and admonished by former mistakes, to come to the front again and rescue the cause of Ireland from the hands of incompetency and faction.

PROSPECTS OF IRISH LITERATURE.

We publish elsewhere a very clever lecture by Prof. McGinley, of Belfast, which deals most acceptably with what Ireland has accomplished in the world of words and letters, and what she may yet accomplish. The present epoch, although rather barren of commanding genius when contrasted with some that preceded it, yields fair promise. Still, it is a strange fact in connection with Irish literature that it has ever marched in true alignment with the spirit of the times. During the heroic days it was heroic, as we know by the fragments preserved in the old language of our fathers. During the penal days, it was sorrowful, as we know through the same medium. Under Grattan's leadership it flamed up brightly, perhaps more brightly than ever before. The United Irishmen did nothing to disgrace it. The eloquence of the elder Emmet, the writings of Tone, O'Connor and Rowan, and the poetry of Drennan made it, at least, respectable. It reached a very low ebb after Catholic Emancipation was won, and O'Connell allied himself with the Whigs. In fact the O'Connell period, from 1810 to 1842, was peculiarly barren in the field of accomplishment After 1842, the *Nation* newspaper having been founded in that year, Irish literature reached its farthest flight. Davis, Duffy and Dillon, with their associates, did breathe, surely, a new life into Ireland. "Who Fears to Speak of '98?" rang out like a trumpet calling on Ireland to arise, in April, 1843; and then that glowing lava stream of prose and poetry was let loose and covered the island, even to the frozen extremes of the Orange North. The old agitator himself seemed to catch the impulse until, says the historian, "at Tara and Mullaghmast he shook with the passion of the scene, as 300,000 fiery eyes upturned to him seemed to crave *the word!*"

When Young Ireland had fretted out its heart in the jails of Ireland or the penal settlements of the antipodes, Irish literature seemed to perish from the earth, except for an occasional wild note from Speragza, the Irish Miriam, or a sweet song from faithful Eva, or a bold one from Maurice Richard Leyne. Fenianism was not barren of literary talent. The Brass Band had left no memory behind, unless an intolerable moral stench can be called a memory. Fenianism had a nobler aim and found its poets in Robert D. Joyce, Kickham and Casey; its orators in Bourke and the other heroes of the dock, and its prose writers in men like John O'Leary and his immediate associates on the *Irish People*. In the United States, too, it flourished in the poetry of Gen. Halpine ("Miles O'Reily"), Michael Scanlan and of "Una," afterward Mrs. Augustine Ford. But the Parnell movement was, from the first, material and prosaic, finding its chiefest laureate in Mr. T. D. Sullivan, whose native liveliness conquered the difficulty of writing poetry about boycotting, and what O'Neill Russell would call "an acre of bog."

Now, let us be thankful, there appears to be a new impulse given to the literary movement in Ireland. The veteran Duffy heads its allies in the Irish Literary Society of London, and the Young Ireland Society is doing excellent missionary work throughout the Emerald Island. Irish genius has been retarded, not destroyed, and we hope to see it take a foremost rank in the world before many years.

Among the more modern literati who deserve the thanks of the Irish race for their endeavors to extend and perpetuate the ancient Gaelic tongue, it would be unfair to pass over the names of Dr. Douglas Hyde, Perceval Graves, Father O'Growney, Thomas O'Neill Russell, Thomas D. Norris, Michael Cavanagh, who was the confidential friend of that learned and gallant patriot, the late John O'Mahony—perhaps the ablest Irish scholar of his time—and others whose names we cannot now recall. Mr. P. J. Meehan, of the *Irish-American;* Mr. M. J. Logan, of the *Gael*, in New York; and Messrs. M.O'Gallagher, Maurice Crean, William Raleigh and P. F. Conway and Rev. J. J. Carroll in Chicago, have done much in this direction and will continue to do more. If Ireland and the Irish follow the spirited example of Wales and the Welsh, the Gaelic language will be generally used by people of the Irish race, in a dual, not exclusive, sense within a generation. We have too rich a claim on Anglo-Irish literature to renounce it, and, strange as it may seem, the most magnificent of Ireland's rebel ballads have been written and sung in the language of the enemy.

IF the question is in order, what has become of the redoubtable Dr. Tanner, M. P., of Cork?

COL. EDWARD M. HEYL, U. S. A., who died suddenly in this city last week, at the comparatively early age of 50, was as brave a soldier and loyal a gentleman as ever drew a sword or dared the front of battle. His premature death is a serious loss to the military service of the country.

"TIM" HEALY says he doesn't want to form a third party in Ireland. Of course he doesn't. A party of any kind is distasteful to "Tim." It's fragments of a party that delight him.

THE marriage of Mr. Nicholas Joseph Nelson to Miss Katherine Mary Murphy, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy, of LaSalle avenue, will occur at the Cathedral of the Holy Name on Wednesday evening, January 23, at half-past six o'clock.

THE Sheridan Club gave a reception and ball at the club rooms on Michigan boulevard, Wednesday evening. The grand march was led by Mr Michael Cudahy, president of the club, and Mrs. Cudahy.

THE Robert Burns anniversary will be celebrated at the Auditorium, under the auspices of the Scottish Assembly of Chicago, on the evening of January 25, at 8 o'clock.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

The Warde-James engagement, the last occasion when these two distinguished actors will be seen together in Chicago as associate stars in one company, concludes this week with the performances of "Julius Cæsar" Friday evening and at the Saturday matinee, and "Richard III" Saturday night.

Merriment, genuine rollicking fun in the very best sort of successful farce-comedy, is the next welcome attraction at the Schiller, for the favorite comedian, Charles Dickson, returns for one week, commencing next Sunday evening, Jan. 13, in his familiar character "Tom Stanhope" in the irresistably funny "Incog." Dickson made a popular hit when at the Schiller a short time ago in his new play "A Jolly Good Fellow," but there are a great many of his Chicago admirers who much desire to see him once more as Tom Stapleton in "Incog," the play in which he has won his greatest reputation as one of the most amusing and accomplished comedians of the day, so the return engagement with "Incog" for next week was arranged. This farce-comedy has made a record of one uninterrupted success before the public, and has won from leading critics the distinction of being termed the funniest play on the stage.

Before a Full Head of Steam

Is gathered by that tremendously destructive engine, malaria, put on the brakes with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which will check its progress and avert disaster. Chills and fever, bilious remittent, dumb ague and ague cake are promptly relieved and ultimately cured by this genial specific, which is also a comprehensive family medicine, speedily useful in cases of dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, sick headache, nervousness, rheumatism and neuralgia. Against the hurtful effects of sudden changes of temperature, exposure in wet weather, close application to laborious mental pursuits, and other influences prejudicial to health, it is a most trustworthy safeguard. It fortifies the system against disease, promotes appetite and sleep, and fastens convalescence after debilitating and flesh wasting diseases.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

The regular monthly meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, on Monday evening, Jan. 14, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mr. John T. Keating will lecture on "Irish History." Messrs. Hill and Kelly will open the debate to follow. A programme of recitations, readings and songs will be rendered.

JOHN J. SHERLOCK, Sec.

INTELLECTUAL IRELAND.

Prof. McGinley, of Belfast, Delivers a Masterly Lecture on "Ireland in Literature" Before the Young Ireland Society.

Something Every Irish Man and Woman Should Read—Ireland's Imperial Array of Versatile and Lofty Geniuses.

At a recent meeting of the Young Ireland Society, of Belfast, Ire., the learned and eloquent Prof. McGinley delivered the following splendid lecture on "Ireland in Literature":

Mr. McGinley, who was cordially received, said: I exclude from my present review the indirect influence exercised by Celtic thought upon the makers of English literature, which, as Matthew Arnold and others have shown, has been considerable; and I also exclude the work of learned Irishmen, historians, annalists, antiquarians, etc., who wrote in Gaelic or in Latin, but whose works have been translated into English and have become a valuable part of English literature. I will take no notice of Catholic devotional or controversial literature, mostly the work of Irish priests, the quality of which is too great to be noticed in a paper of this sort. With these important limitations it will still be found that I have materials enough, and more than enough, for my present paper. For obvious reasons my review will not carry us far back. It was only about the Stuart period or the beginning of the seventeenth century that Irishmen began to write in English; nor were Irish writers numerous for a century later. Among dramatists who wrote for the English stage in the seventeenth century, Ludovick Barry, author of "Rams Alley" and other plays, was an Irishman. So was Sir John Denham, author of "The Sophy," but who is better known as author of the poem "Cooper's Hill," a very perfect production in the metre and style so much affected in that age. Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, was known in England as author of several plays, as "Mustapha," "The Black Prince," etc. In Irish history he is more notorious as that Lord Broghill, who commanded for Cromwell in Munster, and whose merciless severities were scarcely excelled by the exploits of "Murrough of the Burnings." This brother, the Hon. Robert Boyle, was a better as well as a more distinguished man, his writings being chiefly concerned with physical science and philosophy. George Farquhar, a Derry boy, and Susannah Centlivre (nee Freeman), a prolific dramatic writer, were also Irish. Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, and the Hon. Mr. Monk were distinguished poets of this period, but less so than the gentle Thomas Parnell (b. 1647), author of "A Fairy Tale," "The Hermit"—

"For in the wild unknown to public view
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew," etc.

It is a curious fact that the English metrical versions of the psalms of David, which are still used in Protestant churches, are the work of two Irishmen, Nahum Tate, of Cavan, and the Rev. Nicholas Brady, a Cork man. So if Ireland has held tenaciously to the Catholic faith she has also done something from time to time for Protestantism. Three great historians and antiquarians of this time I merely name here as their valuable works were mostly written in Latin, though since translated, viz., Archbishop Ussher, Sir James Ware, and Roderick O'Flaherty; and Count Hamilton, a Connacht Jacobite, wrote his inimitable "Fairy Tales" in French. Nicholas French, Bishop of Ferns and a member of the Confeceration of Kilkenny, wrote several vigorous works on questions of his day, but as they were written on the Irish side they were of course neglected, and it is only recently that any of them has been printed. Whoever desires to make up the history of the stirring period of the Great Rebellion ought to read his "Unkynde Deserter of Royal Men," "Settlement and Sale of Ireland," and "Bleeding Iphiginia." Coming to the opening of the eighteenth century, Irish writers in English multiply rapidly.

Among distinguished dramatists are Congreve, Southerne, Macklin, and Maturin, all famous names in English dramatic circles in the last century, and many of whose plays, such as Southerne's fine play, "Oroonoko," and Macklin's "Man of the World," are still popular and likely to hold the field. But the fame of these playwrights was eclipsed by that of two Irish dramatists of still more splendid genius—Oliver Goldsmith and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. (Applause.) Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Good-Natured Man," and Sheridan's "Rivals," "A Trip to Scarborough," and "School for Scandal," will remain for all time as classics of the English language. Both men were many-sided geniuses. Goldsmith's poetry, and some portion of his prose works, are happily well known to all readers; while Sheridan's fame as a dramatist was second to his fame as an orator. Of orators, Ireland in that age was prolific. Burke, the great Edmund Burke, stands first for sublimity of thought if not for fluency of language. (Applause.) Then there is our own Grattan, and his great rival Flood, and the immortal Curran, as well as many lesser lights.

Ireland gave to general literature in the eighteenth century Sir Richard Steele, the friend and one might almost say the maker, of Addison, and Swift; the renowned Dean of St. Patrick's, whose "Gulliver's Travels" are as popular today as when they were written, and whose "Drapiers Letters" may be said to have made a nation. Sir Philip Francis, the reputed author of the "Letters of Junius," was an Irishman, and even if his claim to the authorship be denied, we must then fall back upon Burke as the author, so that, in any case, the "Junius Letters" were of Irish origin. I cannot close my short review of the work done by Irishmen in the last century without mentioning the great Bishop Berkeley, whose famous metaphysical theory of the non-existence of matter startled and puzzled his contemporaries, and whose quaint Querist showed that he possessed vigorous Irish sympathies. I ought also to mention the literary activity of the United Irishmen, one of whom, Wolfe Tone (applause), wrote charming prose; another, Robert Emmet, delivered one of the greatest speeches ever spoken; and at least one other, Dr. Drennan, was a beautiful poet. Was it not he who coined for Ireland the poetical name of "Emerald Isle?" Ireland is not so strong in dramatists in the present century as she was in the last. Sheridan Knowles was a prolific writer, and his "Virginius," "William Tell," etc., are still popular. Dion Boucicault has left us his wonderfully popular "Shaughraun," the "Colleen Bawn" (founded on Griffin's tale, "The Collegians"), "The Octoroon," a vivid drama of American slave life; "The Corsican Brothers," etc. John Banim wrote some good plays, but is better known as a novelist; and there are some Irishmen still living who have written presentable plays, but on the whole Ireland is not strong in dramatic writers in the present century. The reason I think is that other fields of mental activity have been thrown open to her sons. The daily and weekly press, which can hardly be described as literature, has engrossed the energies of large numbers of Irishmen. Then there is the new literary field of prose fiction in which, as I shall show, Irish intellect has exerted itself to some purpose.

This age has also been prolific in poets other than dramatists. Thomas Moore, of course, stands at the head of Irish poets. (Applause.) His melodies are unique in history, English or other; the exquisite blending of words and music has never been so well accomplished as by Moore. His "Lalla Rookh" is also a beautiful series of poems, and the whole of his poetry is peculiarly graceful and witty. He was also a voluminous prose writer, but did not achieve the same success in this field. Thomas Davis is fitly mentioned next, though it is probable that as a mere poet there are others who ought to come before him. To a "Young Ireland" audience I need not enlarge upon the merits of Davis or his works. (Applause.) Then there is Mangan, the mystic and fanciful—the most poetical of the "Young Irelanders." Here are the names—and I cannot stop to give more—of some of our other poets: Rev. Charles Wolfe, author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," and of more beautiful though less popular pieces; John Joseph Callanan, author of the "Recluse of Inchidony," and a vigorous translator from the Gaelic; Gerald Griffin, better known perhaps as a novelist; the witty and versatile Samuel Lover, also distinguished as a novelist and dramatist; Lady Dufferin, whose collected poetry has lately been published; the redoubtable "Father Prout," who amused himself translating Moore's melodies into Latin and then claiming his versions as the originals; Aubrey De Vere, distinguished alike as a poet and prose writer; Le Fanu, the author of "Shemus O'Brien," and also a novelist; Sir Samuel Ferguson, the most Gaelic in sentiment and style of any writer in English; Thomas D'Arcy McGee, who was also much influenced by Celtic literature, and who, though a great poet, is perhaps better known as a patriot, a statesman, and a historian; Lady Wilde, the "Speranza" of "Young Ireland;" Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Richard Dalton Williams, author of "Misadventures of a Medical Student," "The Sister of Charity," etc.; William Allingham, author of "Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland," and several popular lyrics; Denis Florence McCarthy; John Francis O'Donnell, poet and novelist; Francis Davis, "The Belfastman"; Frances Brown, the blind poetess of Donegal; the witty "Barney Maglone"; John Boyle O'Reilly, poet, patriot, and journalist; Robert Dwyer Joyce, who wrote "The Boys of Wexford," as well as much better poetry; Fanny Parnell; T. D. Sullivan, our own "T.D.S."; W. D. Yeats, to which I might add a host of other names. The mere list of names occupies so much space that I have no room to remark upon their work; but in most cases I think that work is pretty well known.

In the comparatively new field of novel writing, Ireland has produced Maria Edgeworth, Lady Morgan, William Carleton, a powerful but uneven writer, who, notwithstanding a tendency to caricature, has left us the best records we possess of the condition of our peasantry a century ago; the brothers Banim are slightly more Irish, but in other respects weaker than Carleton; Gerald Griffin, whose "Collegians" is probably the best Irish story we possess; Samuel Lover; Charles Lever, whose disgraceful exaggerations still pass in England as correct pictures of Irish life; the late Dean O'Brien, of Limerick, author of "Eily Moore," "Jack Haslett," etc.; Annie Keary, authoress of "Castle Daly," a fine story, and other tales; Capt. Mayne Reid, the famous Indian tale writer; Charles Joseph Kickham, the best and purest delineator of Irish life and character; James Murphy, a living author; Miss Rosa Mulholland; Mrs. M. T. Pender; Miss Lappan, authoress of "Hogan, M.P."; Miss Casey, authoress of "Illustrious Irishwomen," and several stories; the late Colonel Lyman, author of the notorious "Mick McQuaid"; William O'Brien, and last but far from least on my list, Justin McCarthy, M.P.

In this century there arose in Ireland a school of antiquarians and historians, whose fame is world-wide. Dr. Petrie, Eugene O'Curry, Dr. John O'Donovan, Dr. Todd, Dr. Reeves, are all distinguished as antiquarians and Celtic scholars. As historians, John Mitchel, John P. Prendergast, Martin Haverty, A. M. Sullivan, Dr. P. W. Joyce, William E. H. Leckey, Margaret Stokes, John T. Gilbert, Cardinal Moran, Rev. C. P. Meehan, and Standish O'Grady are well known. The latter gentleman is he whose recent "Story of Ireland" has excited so much controversy. I have not read that work, but I have read two others, his "Red Hugh's Captivity" and the "Bog of Stars," and I do not hesitate to class the writer among distinguished Irish Hibernians, notwithstanding certain peculiar views which he advances. There is nothing finer in Anglo-Irish literature than his description of "The Battle of the Curlew Mountains" in the "Bog of Stars." This century has not been witout distinguished Irish orators. Daniel O'Connell, Richard Lalor Shiel, Thomas Francis Meagher, Smith O'Brien, Father Matthew, Dr. Henry Cooke, to whose oratory and influence is attributed the weaning of Ulster Presbyterians from the political

ideals of their ancestors; Isaac Butt, Father Tom Burke, Lord Russell of Killowen, and again, though last, not least, our own Tom Sexton, M.P. (Loud applause). These and others whom I do not name here keep up Ireland's reputation for oratory.

Miscellaneous English literature has been enriched by the work and works of Dr. Doyle, "J. K. L."; Archbishop MacHale (who was also a distinguished Gaelic writer). Dr. Maginn, of *Frazer's Magazine* notoriety; Cardinal Wiseman, Emerson Tennant, John Francis Maguire, Prof. Tyndall, Sir Robert Ball, and a host of others. I have now given you in a necessarily brief and meagre review some idea of the extent to which Irishmen have contributed to that conglomerate thing called English literature, and great and massive as is that literature it could not dispense with the portion contributed by Irish brains without leaving appreciable gaps. It will be noted that Ireland only began to contribute at a comparatively late period, and at first in small quantities. In fact it was only the English element in Ireland who at first wrote in English, and it was only in the present century that Celtic Ireland became a material factor in this work. The reason is obvious. Ireland spoke and wrote and read Irish up to this century, and cultivated a literature of its own, and this literature gathered around it the mental activity of Ireland. Nor was this literature confined to Celtic Ireland, for the Norman settlers had become as much attached to the Irish language as the native Celts, and often purchased castles and ransomed prisoners with no more substantial coin than an Irish manuscript. In this century a new condition of things has arisen, and we have to consider the probable effects of the change. The people quite suddenly gave up their ancient language, and took to speaking bad English, and the production of Gaelic literature stopped, until today we nearly all speak English of a sort, and our men of genius contribute not to Irish literature, but to English literature. Now, let us take stock of the result; what is the reward achieved by individual Irishmen, as well as by Ireland as a nation. Individually, I conceive Irishmen of talent get a better return in money than they could hope to obtain if writing for Ireland alone. Our Justin McCarthys, and T. P. O'Connors, and Sir Robert Balls knock more money out of John Bull than we could afford to pay them; but on the other hand the result to Ireland is loss and nothing but loss.

When the Greeks distinguished themselves in the arts of war or peace there was an accession of fame, power, or prestige to Greece and the Hellenic race. So, too, of Rome, and so of modern nations, of Italy, of France, of England. But when Ireland's sons excel as dramatists, as poets, as orators, or historians, they but advance the fame and prestige of England. Just as when Irish soldiers often "broke the battle" on the enemies of England, their victories did not contribute to the freedom or prosperity of Ireland, but sometimes had a contrary effect, so the literary genius of Ireland's sons but swells the already overgrown fame of England and gives her still further the ear of the world as against Irish complaints. If, indeed, we could take up the mental attitude which some of our people adopt and which many Englishmen hold, and regard Ireland as an integral portion of England as much as Kent or Yorkshire, and ourselves as part of what Mr. Stead calls "the English-speaking race" (English-speaking races would be more intelligible), then we could, perhaps, feel a pride in building up the English language and English literature at the expense of our own; but most Irishmen have a mental difficulty in regarding Ireland as an intregal part of England, and many of us who are still, thank God, Irish speakers, can take no pride in the "English-speaking race" legend. (Hear, hear). Nor can our men of genius do the best that is in them under these conditions. They are writing for a foreign and not a native ideal, and the "trail of the serpent" is over all their work. They are writing for the English and not for the Irish market, but as they are Irishmen themselves, this places them in a false and demoralizing position. The result may be clearly seen, for instance in the work of our novelists. Hardly one of them is truly "racy of the soil." They are apologetic, or critical, or censorious when writing of their own people, and not in language addressed direct to these people, but to another people. Kickham is the only notable exception. Had Carleton written for an Irish market as he wrote for an English, he would have been great—at least a great master of prose fiction, like Scott or Dickens. Moore, our national poet, felt this external influence blighting his own work. He makes, indeed, a noble apology for his shortcomings in "Blame not the bard."

And it was only when Moore broke away from the fetters of English opinion in his "Melodies" that he became truly great. (Applause). It is easier to bewail this alienation of Irish intellect than to suggest a remedy. It is certain that no political change which we are likely to witness will materially alter the present condition of affairs in this respect. Was it not during the existence of Grattan's parliament that Burke and Sheridan added their choicest contributions to English literature? Except the growth of a native school of oratory that period of home rule added little to our intellectual activity, and I don't know any reason to hope for better results from any measure of autonomy likely to be conferred upon Ireland. Where then lies the remedy? I do not pretend to be able to answer this question satisfactorily; but so far as I have ideas on the subject they are as follows· We ought to continue to cultivate the Gaelic language as a vehicle for our literary ideas. This would have the double advantage of keeping us in touch with the distinctively Irish literature of our forefathers, and of giving us a distinctively Irish garb for our literary work. Let it not be said that this is impracticable. It is easier to learn Irish than to learn Latin or any modern language, and to an Irishman its value is greater than any of these; and it is still the spoken language of a great number of our people. Many of our modern literary men have equipped themselves for writing English by studying Gaelic originals and models, and they have not lost but gained strength in the process. In the next place, we of the rank and file ought to buy more books, and so remunerate Irish writers.

The modern Irishman is very chary of laying out a few shillings on books; the result is that authors who dare to write for an Irish market alone are starved out, and forced to take themselves and their wares to the English market where they are better paid. I know this is a matter on which preaching is of little good, but it is perhaps allowable to point out where the shoe pinches. In the third place, we ought to cultivate and maintain a closer union with the sea-divided Gael, *i. e.*, with our exiled fellow-countrymen in Great Britain, in the United States and in the Colonies. They have the same ideals and aspirations as we have, and if held together by cordial common sympathies, are numerous enough and strong enough to protect us against the swamping influence of the heavy mass of Anglo-Saxon or British population with which we are surrounded. (Applause). I think we in Ireland are not careful enough to maintain the connection with our people abroad. We accept, indeed, their sympathy and support, but what do we offer them in return? How many of us follow with intelligent sympathy the struggles, the sufferings, and the triumphs of our people in other lands? How often do we send them messages of sympathy and encouragement, and what sort of welcome do we extend to them when they return to what they still fondly call "the old country?" I have lived out of Ireland, and can perhaps better understand the desire of the Irish exile to be "remembered in Erin," and recognized by his countrymen at home. I am aware that these remedies seem weak to counteract what appears to be an overwhelming tendency. But if this tendency is an evil, and if our people come to so regard it and resolve to combat it, they will discover other and better remedies, for a few things are impossible to the united will of a people. At any rate, I have an abiding faith in the vigor and vitality of our race, and a firm confidence that we will ultimately refuse to be submerged in the flood of Anglo-Saxonism which now runs so strongly in these countries; and if that confidence be well placed, we must of necessity find a means of employing our men of genius in producing a literature as clearly Irish, and not English, as the minstrelsy of our ancient bards, or the prose of our *seanachies* (shanahies) and annalists; as the writings of Keating and the O'Clerys; as the Gaelic poetry of last century; as the melodies of Moore, the patriot songs of Davis, or the almost Gaelic poetry of Ferguson.

The lamp of Irish learning must be lighted from as purely Irish a source as the fires of ancient Erin, which were lighted annually from the sacred flame at Kildare; the springs of Irish genius must be as native as the springs of our holy wells; and the work of that genius must be as "racy of the soil" as the illuminated manuscripts of our monks, or the round towers of the Goban Saor. I confess it is to such a *renaissance* of our learning, literature and art, as much as to political ameliorations I look for making our country that land of ideal beauty of which many of us dreamed, and it was no doubt some such *renaissance* an Ulster poet had in mind when he wrote:

The storms of years have o'er thee passed,
The night of ages been o'ercast.
O, blue-eyed child of sorrow!
But Erin, Erin, *tir mo chroidhe*,
Duration is in debt to thee,
And owes thee a bright morrow.

'Twill come *agraah*—'twill dawn *aroon*,
The daylight will be on thee soon,
But after that the full high noon
Bright o'er thy sky careering;
In that proud noon, beloved Isle,
Thy children's bounding souls shall smile.
And sing hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
Ar dothchas agus Eirinn.

(Loud applause).

Rev. Father O'Boyle proposed, Mr. Millar seconded, and Mr. Daniel Blayney, Mr. John Diffin and Mr. J. J. O'Shea supported, a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer for his able treatment of the subject. It was suggested by Mr. O'Shea that the Young Ireland Society should take steps to cultivate the Celtic language, a suggestion which the chairman said he would lend any aid he could in carrying it out. The vote of thanks was passed by acclamation, to which Mr. McGinley suitably replied. This brought the proceedings to a close.

OBITUARY.

MRS. P. G. SMYTH.

Mrs. Catherine Doris Smyth, wife of Mr. P. G. Smyth, of the *Inter-Ocean* staff, died, after an illness of nine days, at her residence, No. 56 Vernon Park place, on Friday evening of last week. The many friends of the family in this city were greatly shocked by the intelligence of her death, as she leaves behind not alone her heavily afflicted husband, but two infant boys, the one 15 months and the other but a few days old. Mrs. Smyth belonged to one of the oldest and most respected families in Westport, county Mayo, Ireland. She became the bride of Mr. Smyth when he visited Ireland two and a half years ago, and had resided in Chicago for about that period. Her fine womanly character and many accomplishments, made her a favorite with all who enjoyed the sunshine of her acquaintance.

The funeral occurred from the house to St. Patrick's church last Monday morning, and was largely attended. The following gentlemen officiated as pallbearers: Messrs. W. B. Ives, Ulick Bourke, Thomas Gaynor, Thomas A. Smyth, P. W. Crowe and Patrick McInerney. Among others present were John M. Smyth, P. F. Ryan, John F. Finerty, Charles Ffrench, Edward J. Kennedy, John S. Mullen, John Coffey, Cornelius Coffey, E. McHale, John M. Carroll, David Welch, Jr., Thomas J. Rowan, Captain Quentin Campbell, P.D. Hayes, D. B. Foley, Hon. Chris Mamer, Michael J. Murphy, James Brown, Capt. W. Hand, Justice Blume, E. F. Kennedy, Wm. U. Riley, John F. Foley, E. E. Redmond, Hugh Smyth, John Hayes, C. Gaynor, E. Corcoran, D. B. Hayes, W. Fleming, P. J. Daly, M. Manley, J. J. Lynn, George Delany, Michael J. Kennedy, James Kennedy, Joseph P. McKenna, Patrick J. Reilly, Thomas M. Smyth and many others.

Requiem high mass was celebrated by Rev. Father Galligan, assisted by Rev. Fathers McNamee and Byrnes. After pronouncing the absolution, the Rev. pastor delivered a feeling funeral discourse, in which he dealt with the inevitable sadness that death brings to the human heart, and more particularly under circumstances of bereavement such as surrounded the subject of his sermon. Those who survived her could only look for consolation to the divine Creator, who had given assurance of eternal happiness to those, who, like the lamented dead, had been faithful in this life to the commandments of God and the church.

The funeral cortege then reformed and escorted the remains to the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul depot, and cars were taken to Calvary cemetery, where the interment took place.

Some beautiful floral testimonials were sent by friends, among them one from Mr. Smyth's associates of the *Inter-Ocean* staff.

THE CITIZEN joins all Mr. Smyth's personal friends in the profound sympathy they feel for his great and unexpected affliction.

OLD ERIN IN THE SEA.

This beautiful poem was written by John Claragh MacDonnell, "the premier Celtic poet" of the county Cork, who wrote in the last century. The English translation given here is by Mr. W. B. Guinee.

Who sitteth cold, a beggar old,
Before the prosperous lands,
With outstretched palms that asketh alms
From charitable hands?
Feeble and lone she maketh moan—
A stricken one is she,
That deep and long hath suffered wrong,
Old Erin in the sea.

How art thou lost, how badly crost,
Land of the reverend head!
And dismal Fate, how harsh thy hate,
That gives her lack of bread!
Though broad of her fields, and rich her yields,
From Liffey to the Lee,
Her grain but grows to flesh the foes
Of Erin in the sea.

'Tis but the ban of ruthless man
That works thy wretchedness;
What Nature bears with thee she shares
And genial seasons bless.
The very waves that kiss the caves
Clap their huge hands for glee,
That they should guard so fair a sward
As Erin by the sea.

Her vales are green, her gales serene,
Hard granite ribs her coast,
God's fairest smile is on the isle,
Alas! and bootless boast;
No land more curst hath Ocean nurst,
Since first a wave had he;
No land whose grief had less relief
Than Erin in the sea!

Can this be she whose history
Is in the mist of years;
Whose kings of old wore crowns of gold,
And led ten thousand spears!
Not so I wis; no land like this
Could know such bravery,
Or change is wrought, or lore is nought
For Erin in the sea.

Ah! truly change most sad and strange—
Her kings have passed away;
Her sons, the same in outward frame,
Full false and tame are they—
Each hating each, alone they teach,
Alone in this agree:
To work thy pains, and bind thy chains,
Old Erin in the sea.

Where are the men by tower and glen
Who held thee safe of yore?
Full oft that gave thy foes a grave,
On thine insulted shore?
Galglach and kerne, full sure and stern,
They did good fight for thee;
Alas! they sleep and thou must weep,
Old Erin in the sea!

Soft may they rest within her breast,
That for their country died;
And where they lie may peace be nigh,
And lasting love abide!
Ye grace them well: for them that fell
And her that nourished ye,
For them ye bled, she holds ye dead—
Old Erin in the sea!

And in your place a wretched race
Upon the soil have grown,
Unfearing shame, and in the name
Like to their sires alone.
They shun the claim of patriot fame,
And cringe the servile knee,
To kiss the yoke their fathers broke
In Erin in the sea!

Would they unite in valorous fight
For her that gave them breath,
As they for her—the conqueror,
Whose direful touch is death,
No more the blight of traitorous might
On sacred right should be,
But peace delight, and strength bedight
Old Erin in the sea!

Pillage and pest her vales infest,
Strange tongues her names revile;
Where prayed her saints, dark error taints
And godless rites defile;
Be they reviled, be they defiled,
More dear are they to me—
The verdant plains, the holy fanes,
Of Erin in the sea!

Thine is the page, all rimed with age,
In mighty deeds sublime—
The proud records of willing swords
And storied lays of time;
An Empire thou, while she that now,
By heaven's harsh decree,
Holds thee disgraced, was wild and waste,
Old Erin in the sea!

Would this were all; not thine the fall
By force and battle-rush;
Not men more brave, hold thee for slave,
Nor stouter hearts that crush,
But vengeful ire, of son with sire,
Thy children's perfidy—
Theirs is the strife that slays thy life,
Old Erin in the sea!

Ye bards of song, ye warriors strong,
Of high heroic deeds—
All dust are ye, by mount and lea,
While she, your mother, bleeds;
And cold the blood, by fort and flood,
That ran in veins as free
As she was then, when ye were men,
Old Erin in the sea!

PHILO-CELTIC ASSOCIATION.

On Sunday last, Jan. 6, the Philo-Celtic Association (Gaelic Class) met as usual in the city clerk's rooms, City Hall. After the regular studies of the day had been gone through the officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows: President, P. J. Holden; first vice-president, H. Hill; second vice-president, Miss Brosnan; recording secretary, Maurice Crean; financial secretary, M. O'Gallagher; treasurer, J. J. Hanrahan; librarian, William Raleigh. The three last named offices are created by the rules which were adopted at the previous meeting.

While there was considerable interest manifested in the elections the utmost good feeling and good humor prevailed throughout. The librarian will have the care of all books, manuscripts, etc., belonging to the association, and will keep on hand a stock of books for the use of beginners. Classes are formed for study at 2:30 p.m. Visitors are always welcome.

The committee appointed at a previous meeting to draft suitable resolutions on the death of the Rev. E. D. Cleaver, presented the following, in both English and Irish, which were adopted:

We, the members of the Philo-Celtic Association of Chicago, having learned with profound regret of the death of the Rev. Dr. E. D. Cleaver, M.A., of Dolgelly, Wales, desire to express our deep sorrow for the loss of an able, earnest, and liberal champion of our cause.

For half a century he has been the constant friend and supporter of every movement for the promotion and revival of our ancient language and literature, as well as the art and music for which our country has been so famous in the olden time.

From his earliest years he realized the importance of the Gaelic language as a means of preserving and perpetuating the spirit and characteristics of our race. He used it in his private devotions, and spent much time in collecting the songs and folk-lore of the Gaelic-speaking people. He devoted large sums of money to be used in the printing and distribution of Gaelic literature, and in giving prizes both of money and books for proficiency in the study of the language in the schools of Ireland.

As an illustration of the generosity of his heart and the liberality of his sentiments, one example will suffice: Being himself a Protestant clergyman, while on his death-bed he ordered the publication of a new edition of Father Nolan's Irish Prayerbook (Roman Catholic), for distribution among the pupils in the Irish schools. Even in death the intense patriotism of his family is shown by the fact that, while buried in another land—we quote the words of his widow—"his dear head rests on a sod of consecrated turf placed in the coffin from the holy island of Gougane Barra, sent at my request by the Rev. Father Hurley," and in his hand is a bunch of shamrocks from his native village of Delgany, while the coffin-lid is decorated by the Celtic cross.

Therefore be it ordered, That realizing the great loss that we, in common with all lovers of our race and language, have sustained in his death, we desire to place on record our deep appreciation of his many and great services, and express to his bereaved family our warmest sympathy with them in their hour of sorrow.

And be it ordered, That this resolution be inserted in our minutes, and copies in English and Irish be sent to Mrs. Cleaver and to the press.

"He is in eternal glory, but his work shall endure forever."

J. C. WILSON, M.D.,
WILLIAM RALEIGH,
M. O'GALLAGHER.

(Translation)

De bhrigh go g-cualamar le dobhrón agus le cdmha, sgeula air bhás an duine-uasail oirbhidinigh .i. Eusebi D. Mac Cliabhair, i n-Dolgellau, 'san m-Breatain, agus de bhrigh go raibh se 'nna bhuan-curad agus 'nna thaca ag gach uile chumann do cuireadh air bun le leithchead bliadhain le n-ár litireacht agus ár d-teanga tiorthamhail d'aithbheodhughadh agus do chur air aghaidh, mar aon leis an g-ceól agus na healadhainibh d'fhág ár d-tir faoi cháil mhór i n-allód. O almsir a óige do thuig sé go m-ba é an Ghaedhilge an mheodhain ba éifeachtaigh le splorad agus cáillidheachta ár g-cine do choimédad agus do chongbháil i m-buan-bheatha. Do rinne sé fásáid di i n-a urnaighe féin: do chaith sé go leór ama ag cruinniughadh abhrán agus sgeulaigheacht amesag na muintire labhras Gaedhilig, agus do thug sé mórán airgid gach bliadhain le littireacht Gaedhilig do chlódhughadh agus do sgapadh, agus geill i n-airgead agus i leabhraibh do thabhairt do mhacaibh léighinn na sgoil n-Eireannach, do réir feabhas a n-eolus air an d-teangan. Bheirmid sómpla amhán d'a sho-chroidheacht agus d'á fhéile. Air leaba a bháis, agus é féin 'nna phearsa-eaglaise Protestánt, d'órduigh sé clódhughadh nuadh de Leabhar Urnuighe an Athar O'Nualáin, i n-Gaedhilig, do chur amach le sgapadh air aos óg na sgoil i n-Eirinn i n-a bh-fuil an Ghaedhilig d'á fóghluim. I m-bás féin, foilsighthear tirghrádh dháthrachtach a mhuintire, óir i n-aimhdheóin go bh-fuil sé adhlaicthe i d-tir eile, tá fód ché beannuighthe faoi na cheann 'san g-cómhra ó oileán naomhtha Ghógáin Barra, do cuireadh chuici air impidhe a mhná leis an Athair O'Murthuile; tá tor seamróg i n-a láimh ó n-a bhalladhóthchas Deilgne; agus fós, tá an Chrois Eireannach air chiár a chómhra.

Air na h-ádhbharaibh sin, is cóir dhúinne, .i. baill de Chumann an Ghrádha Gaodhalach, i n-aondhacht le uile ghradhuightheoir ár g-cine agus ár d-teangain, a ainm do chongbháil air bhuan-chuimhne mar aon leis an fóghnadh a thug sé d'ár g-cdis air feadh a bheatha; agus a g-caill d'eugcaoin le n-a mhuintir anois i n-aimsir a n-dubhróin.

Ordnighthear an rún so do bheith sgriobhtha i n-ár leabhraibh, cóip de do chur aig an mhnaoi-uasal Julian Nic Cliabhair, agus a thabhairt do'n chlódh.

"Tá sé i n-glóir shioruidhe, acht mairfidh a obair go bráth."

J. C. WILSON, Doc. Leigh.
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Fair and Festival.

A fair and festival, for the benefit of St. Patrick's church, Lemont, Ill., will be given at the city hall in that suburb, beginning Feb. 9 and closing Feb. 23. Season tickets are $1 and single admissions 25 cents.

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper. W. A. NOYES, 820 *Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

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The Majestic arrived at Queenstown on Tuesday, Jan. 8 at 4 p.m.

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NOTICE OF MEETING

OF

Stockholders of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders the of Lemhi Mining, Milling and Reduction Company will be held at the Company's office, 810 Teutonic Building, Chicago, Ill., on the 18th day of January, A. D. 1895, the object of which meeting is to increase the capital stock of said company from $50,000 to $1,000,000, and to provide funds for the liquidation of said company's debts.

HUGO T. PETERSEN, Sec'y.

Chicago, Dec. 17, 1894.

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In safety to the skies, who calm can face
The awful front of death, but will not break
His plighted troth with truth—aye, honor him
And thus ennoble thine own struggling soul.
—N. W. Rand.

UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Away out west a man was about to be hanged. It will not do to be very exact as to names or localities because the question is not yet settled. The man's name may pass as Peter Williams, which is altogether unlike what it really is. As to the place, let it stand at San Topaz, in Orefornia. That the man deserved hanging there is no valid doubt, although his excuse for the crime kept the jury out a whole summer's afternoon. He had made quite a little pile from the sale of an improved smelting process to the Python copper mine, getting about 1 per cent of what the invention was worth, and turning from the express office into the Silver Palace saloon, which was conveniently near, he asked everybody to drink. All but one man stepped forward. That man was the victim.

"I asked him to drink like a gentleman," said Williams in his defense, "and when he wouldn't even take a cigar I said he should take something anyway and flung the whisky bottle at him."

Unfortunately the whisky bottle was a decanter weighing something less than ten pounds, and it cracked the man's skull like a last season's butternut.

What puzzled the jury was whether a refusal to drink with a man celebrating his luck could be construed into sufficient provocation until one juryman happened to recollect that the offending—that is, the refusing—party was deaf and blind. That settled it, and the verdict of murder in the first degree was brought in two minutes after.

Well, the man was about to be hanged, very quietly, too, for with excellent business tact the Python copper mine had made this its pay day. Padre Gombrillo was in the murderer's cell saying a few prayers in Spanish Latin, the other clergyman of San Topaz, a Methodist, being a timekeeper in the smelting office on weekdays. Williams was tugging at a new pair of red topped boots, and Sheriff Stephen Winslow was leaving his office for the scaffold, when the postmaster's little daughter brought a letter addressed to the prisoner, in care of the postoffice. Winslow weighed the letter in his hand for a few moments, pondering whether there was any use bothering Williams with correspondence when his address would soon be the dead letter office. Being a man of much originality of action, he opened the letter, and he read it his red face grew redder, and when he had finished it he smote the office table until the old crack in it ran an inch.

"Well, I'm jing swizzled," he cried. And well he might be, for the letter was from a firm of lawyers in Troybany, N. Y., informing Williams of the death of his uncle, J. Cannon Piece; also of the existence of a will, by the terms of which he was left the old man's property, valued at something near $600,000, the property to go to his children born in wedlock, if he had any, and to his brother Matthew if he died without legitimate issue.

Winslow's face grew positively purple with the blood forced into his head by hard thinking. Williams a millionaire and to be hanged inside of an hour! Should he comfort his last few moments by informing him that he would step from goldbags here on to the golden stairs up there? Or would the news comfort him at all, especially as it was coupled with a proviso that the money in an equally few minutes would belong to his brother Matthew, whom the sheriff remembered to have heard Williams cursing with most fraternal fervor. Then the sheriff thought harder than ever until his temporal veins seemed likely to burst, and then, with a sudden glance at his watch, he hurried out of the office and up to the condemned man's cell.

"Excuse me, padre," he said, "but I wanter speak to Williams a minnit on a private matter."

The little priest bowed, took a piece of chocolate from under his soutane and went outside munching it.

"Williams," said the sheriff, grabbing him by the arm and drawing him into the farther corner of the cell, "D'ye wanter live?"

"Say, Steve," said Williams, pulling off his boot to hunt for a loose peg, "what's the matter with you?"

"Look here," said the sheriff. "Did you ever have an uncle in Troybany?"

"Yes," Williams replied, "my mother's brother, old Cannon Piece. He is a river scraper or something of that sort and crankier than a stomps spindle."

"Well, he's dead," said the sheriff, "and he's left you his money."

"How much?" asked Williams calmly, having found the peg.

"Over half a million."

"Bully geo!" cried Williams. "Why didn't the old man die six months ago?"

"Moreover, upon your decease without legitimate issue," pursued the sheriff, with a fine recollection of the lawyer's letter, "the property reverses to your brother Matthew."

"To that measly skunk," said Williams, with many omitted parts of speech. "Gee, but that's tough. Say, sheriff, can't I get a reprieve for a few weeks and kinder waste the property from Mat a little? I'd blow in the whole town day and night for a month."

"Can't be did," said the sheriff sententiously.

"See here, Steve Winslow, what's your game?" asked Williams, with a sort of yelp in his voice.

The sheriff stepped quickly to the cell door, looked down the gallery at the dozen or so fellows squatted in the shade of the south wall and came back with his face shortened a full inch by the compression of his mouth and eyes.

"Just this, Williams," he said in the prisoner's ear. "Sw'ar to divvy with me—share and share alike—in your fortune; sw'ar that you hope you'll burn for ever if you break your word, and I'll fix the rope so that it don't kill, and afterward we'll tote together to Troybany and claim the property. D'ye sw'ar?"

"Why, of course I do," said Williams.

"Well, sw'ar it then." And Williams repeated the scorching words.

"Now," said the sheriff, "I'll go and get the rope and fix the coroner. He's pretty nigh drunk anyhow, and has been for a week, and another horn or two with a little red pepper into them will knock him so he won't know your foot from your nose. And that Weekly Roundup feller has got to keep outside the railing."

In less than a quarter of an hour the sheriff was back with the rope.

"Doc's all right," he said, "although he'd like to have choked on that last drink, and I told Bill Hepburn, who's assisting me, that you'd made a last dying request that the noose and cap was put on in here, together with the straps. Now, then, off with your coat lively. I sorter promised the boys I'd hold this thing off till after the noon bell, but I guess not now."

The details of the sheriff's ingenious plan had better be omitted, except to say that they included a running loop under the prisoner's shoulders, and a turn of the rope from the neck down and under this and up again to the noose. Then the knot, as big as your fist, was slipped back of the ear, the coat replaced, the cap pulled well down everywhere save in front, and the straps buckled on.

"Now, Williams," said the sheriff, "I've got to hear that oath once more."

"You will not, then," said Williams thickly from under his cap. "It blistered my tongue too badly when I said it. I'll stand to it, though, and I never broke my word, fair nor foul."

"All right," said the sheriff, "I'll trust you. Now, Pete, I don't say that the fall won't jar you some, and jar you pretty bad, but it won't break nothing, and all you've got to do is to play dead. Now I'll get the padre and Jim."

"Hats of, gentlemen," said the sheriff, when the shuffling figure had been moved on to the chalk cross that marked the center of the trapdoor.

Every hat came off, although, owing to the presence of a few Arequipas, there were not as many hats as persons. The padre turned aside and dropped his stick of chocolate into the looseness of his sleeve. The sheriff moved his hand, his deputy drew his knife across the bolt string, and the five feet of slack rope tautened and hummed like a steamer's last dock hawser.

"Neck broken, I guess, doc," said the sheriff.

"Complete fraxr of shekond sherr'l-bree—shekond sherr'l vert'bree, Mr. Sher'fbree—Mr. Sher'f," said the coroner, turning Williams' wobbly head with spasmodic fingers.

So it was recorded.

"Shay, sher'f," said the coroner, with a gravely confidential air, "if 'sh no claim for sh' body shend round to me. Mos' stronery case of 'neurism the aorta ever met with. K'n feel it all 'cross 's chest, right through 'sh closh."

"All right, doc," said the sheriff. "I'll do so."

But next morning he told the coroner that late at night he had thought better of his promise, as he had taken kindly to the boy during his imprisonment, and so had quietly removed the body out to the cemetery and buried it, with his Indian constable's assistance, in the grave that had been dug for it.

The execution took place on July 16th, and on the 31st the sheriff put his deputy in charge, announcing that his nephew had come in from Pestilence Vale, "terrible sick with the chills," and that he was "going to take him down to tidewater." And in truth that very evening he drove over to the Pacific and Atlantic railroad with his nephew by his side, all huddled up in blankets, although the day had been hot enough to cook eggs in the open.

It took the sheriff and Williams ten days to reach Troybany, while the schedule time for the trip is only five days. But they had been obliged to travel by easy stages, for, despite the sheriff's antiexecution device, Williams had been well nigh wrenched in two by the drop and still suffered horribly at times. On reaching Troybany the sheriff saw Williams comfortably bestowed at a hotel and then went out to view the town. Almost the first man he met was Lawyer Belford of San Topaz, the counsel who had defended Williams.

"So you got my telegram?" cried the lawyer joyously.

"What telegram?" asked the sheriff, with a presentiment that there was a snag somewhere in the stream.

"Why, the telegram telling you to come right along here."

"I got no telegram," said the sheriff.

"Well, that's too rich for utterance. What brought you here then?"

"Why, d—n it, I came on business—business of my own."

"Of course, of course," said the lawyer soothingly. "I know. The Williams business. Funny, ain't it? That's what I'm here for too. Two days after you left I got a letter from Wolfe & Fox, a law firm of this place, asking if we could tell them anything of Peter Williams, last heard of at San Topaz, and giving the terms of his uncle's will. They said they had written to him at San Topaz, but had received no answer."

"He got a letter on the day of the execution," said the sheriff.

"Did he now? Well, well! Fancy that! And what has become of it, I wonder?"

"He's got it with him, I guess," said the sheriff, with a rumbling laugh.

"Ah, I guess so, too," said the lawyer, with a discreet and mild echo of the sheriff's mirth. "At any rate, I telegraphed that Williams had died suddenly on July 16 and got a dispatch in reply to come on immediately and bring all the proofs of his death. I went at once to your office, but found you gone, as I've said. Got a copy of your official return of Williams' execution, a copy of The Roundup's account of the hanging and a copy of the coroner's certificate—all properly sworn to. But on the train I happened to think that I had omitted to get a certificate of the burial, and as I remembered to have heard that you intended to that I thought—considering the enormous interests at stake—'twas best to telegraph you to come on. All expenses paid, of course. So naturally when I saw you here I jumped at once to the conclusion that you had come in answer to that call."

"No, sir," said the sheriff.

"Well, never mind. You're here, and I'll see that you don't get—left," said the lawyer cheerily. "I'm retained for Matthew Williams, the present heir, you know. Funny, ain't it, that I defended Peter Williams when living and am now on the other side when he's dead? Small world, eh? The case comes up in the probate court tomorrow at 10, and of course you'll be there."

"I'll be thar for sure," said the sheriff grimly.

He was, and with him came Peter Williams, wrapped in a big storm coat of the sheriff's, with the collar turned up to his ears.

Mr. Wolfe of the local law firm made a statement of the decease of J. Cannon Piece, of the drawing up and filing of his will, read it aloud—it was a very short document—and then asked that the status of Matthew Williams, here present, be duly recorded as residuary legatee owing to the decease without legitimate issue—or any other so far as known—of Peter Williams, the original heir.

"You are prepared to present the proper proofs of the decease of Peter Williams, I suppose?" asked the judge.

"Certainly," was the reply. In doing so, Mr. Wolfe regretted to say, they would be obliged to introduce a very delicate and distressing story. The young man, Peter Williams, it appeared, had been his uncle's favorite nephew, but had quarreled with him, had gone out west, and there, passing from one excess to another, had finally, in a drunken passion, taken the life of a fellow being in the town of San Topaz, in the state of Orefornia, for which crime he had suffered the extreme penalty of the law. Documentary evidence in the shape of a transcript of the trial and all of the requisite official attestations of the execution would be presented by an attorney-at-law of San Topaz. In addition to which—by what they could only regard as a providential coincidence—the sheriff of San Topas was in court at that very moment.

Then Lawyer Belford was introduced and read from the transcript of the trial the personal statement under examination of the younger Williams as to his name, age, place of birth, etc., and read also the sheriff's return for the execution, the coroner's certificate of death and the "dull thud" paragraph of The Weekly Roundup.

"We place these in evidence," concluded the lawyer, "although they are almost superogatory in view of the presence here of the sheriff of San Topaz, whom I shall now ask to take the stand."

The witness chair creaked as Sheriff Winslow settled his huge bulk between its arms.

"Your name is Stephen Douglas Winslow, and you are sheriff of San Topaz, Orefornia, I believe?" said Lawyer Belford, smiling pleasantly at his fellow townsman.

"I am—to both questions."

"You were officially present at the execution of Peter Williams on the 16th day of July of this year?"

"I was."

"This certified copy of your return of the execution is correct in every particular, is it not?"

"It's a k'rect copy."

"You took quite an interest in the unfortunate young man, I understand, Mr. Sheriff, and personally attended to the disposal of the remains?"

"Waal," said the sheriff, slowly spreading himself over the back of the chair, "there's a young man here who can answer that question better than me."

Lawyer Belford evidently did not expect this answer, for he hesitated a moment.

"Put the young man on the stand by all means," said Mr. Wolfe.

Then the sheriff led the muffled young man to the chair and stood beside him while he was sworn.

"What is your name?" asked Belford, glancing curiously at the witness.

Before replying the witness slowly turned down his coat collar, and then, wheeling around in his chair, said, with difficulty, the catch in his voice running through all that he said:

"Peter Williams."

"What!" cried Lawyer Belford and fell back in his chair, clutching at his necktie as though he were going to have a fit.

"Oh, you know me well enough, I guess, Mr. Belford," said Williams, "though you didn't save me from swinging. And Mat knows me well enough, too, I see, although I guess I'm considerably more changed than he seems to be. Howdy, Mat? Sorry for you, old man, but I've got to knock you out this time. By the way, too, if there's any doubting anywhere around this courtroom as to my identity, why, just look at this neck."

Upon which he pulled off a big silk scarf and showed the lingering shadow of the black imprint of the hangmann's rope, whose close hug even the sheriff's life saving contrivance had not quite overcome.

Lawyer Belford still sat grasping his necktie and staring speechlessly at the witness, while Mat Williams' gray face grew livid as he crept into the shadow of his attorney's back. Only the old lawyer, Wolfe, retained his self possession.

"Your honor," he cried, "we object. This is most irregular, most unheard of, and we object."

"It is most irregular, as you say," said the judge suavely, "and under the circumstances I shall myself ask the witness to tell his story."

"We object."

"Certainly," said the judge. Then turning to the witness, Peter Williams, he said, "If that be your name, how comes it that you are here alive?"

Then Williams told the story that he had been taught; that the sheriff, taking compassion on his youth and near grasp of fortune, believing in his solemn promise to reform and not looking forward to any such complications as had arisen, had consented to arrange the rope so that resuscitation might be possible.

The judge listened with close attention, and then turning to Winslow said, "Of course there was a monetary consideration in this, Mr. Sheriff?"

"Waal, nat'rel, your honor," said Winslow in a surprised tone of voice.

"So I supposed. Now, sir"—to Lawyer Wolfe—"I will hear the grounds of your objection."

"They are very simple," said that old practitioner. "We object not only because of the utter irrelevancy of the testimony, but because of the utter immateriality of the witness himself. We are quite willing to admit that during the lifetime of this young man his name was Peter Williams, but, your honor, Peter Williams is dead. He was hanged by the neck till dead in San Topaz on the 16th day of July of this year of our Lord, 1894, and you yourself, your honor, have admitted the evidence that proves it. The testimony of this man Winslow—which he will be only too willing to give—that he, a sworn officer of the law, did cheat the law and did actively participate in an evasion of the law and made a lying return, cannot possibly have the faintest weight in this court. It would be the testimony of a self confessed perjurer indulging in cumulative perjury. We are even willing to admit that such a plot was concocted and that it was carried to a successful issue, but that does not in the very slightest degree affect the legal fact of the demise of the late Peter Williams as sworn to in every requisite formality. It comes to just this, your honor: Physically Peter Williams may be alive, but legally he is dead, and legally, too, Matthew Williams is therefore the only heir."

"Humph!" said the judge, with a faintly marked twist at the corner of his mouth. "Your statement, Mr. Wolfe, puts a very curious aspect on affairs. I will take the matter under advisement."

And he has it under advisement yet.
—Thomas J. Vivian in Short Stories.

The Glory of Trees.

The national pride of America in its giant trees is well founded. If the giants of our own woods appeal to us as an embodiment of magnificence, what must be the impression created by this hall of columns, in which each equals in height the spire of a cathedral and has stood through ages of whose duration the years of the oak are an inconsiderable fraction? These California giants lack one element of impressiveness. They have no associations other than those which their size conjures up. Human fancy has never played with their mighty forms. So far as is known no human eyes have watched the ages of their growth. They have no place in the story of nations. They have built no temples and furnished no navies. They have no place in story. They were found alone in the wilderness, as the Siberian fur hunter found the ice cased mammoth, in a world of their own. To the mind of the educated west the groves of the cedars of Lebanon would appeal more strongly than the groves of the Sierra Nevada. The bulk of the one could not outweigh the associations of the other. But to the primitive notions of eastern peoples the giant tree makes a direct appeal not only for respect, but for worship. Whatever departs from the ordinary course of nature strikes them as the immediate work of God and one which necessarily preserves something of the divine.—London Spectator.

Two Famous Old Apple Trees.

The decayed stump is all that remains of the famous "mother tree," the oldest known specimen of the Rhode Island Greening. A few rods southwest of the old limekiln on the northern verge of Fruit Hill, on Frederick W. Winsor's farm, stands a younger tree. Mrs. Winsor's great-great-grandfather, Nehemiah Smith, planted the mother tree, of which the other is a limb wrenched while loaded with fruit from the parent stock, during King George II's reign, in 1748, and was therefore 141 years old when it was cut down in 1889-90, and its life from the seed must be nearly 150 years.

The present tree, "the daughter tree," so called, is a limb of the mother trunk and was broken off in the September gale of 1815, and which, from an elbow thrust into the moist, rich soil, took root and became independent. F. M. Perry of Canandaigua, N. Y., a famous nurseryman and pomologist, pronounced the fruit of these trees the finest of the Greening family and procured hundreds of scions from the stock to introduce into New York and the middle states.—Providence Journal.

The Bottomless Pit.

A wonderful natural cavern was discovered in Lafayette county, Ga., in 1891. It has the usual complement of "rooms," "galleries," "domes," "pits," etc., but its sole title to being somewhat out of the ordinary in the cavern line is a well-like abyss in one of the rooms, which, as far as any one knows, may once have served as the chimney of hades. It is known locally as "the bottomless pit." Stones of large size have been thrown into it with a hope that they would be heard to strike bottom after awhile; but, according to reports, "there were no reverberating sounds borne back to the ear by which its enormous depth could be gauged."
—St. Louis Republic.

AMERICAN CITIZENS.

THOSE WHO ARE NATURAL BORN AND THOSE MADE BY LAW.

The Former Only Are Eligible to the Office of President—Opinions of Leading Authorities Upon the Subject—Morse, Who Dissents, Is Short on Argument.

Kindly inform me whether a child born of American parents under the following circumstances is recognized as an American citizen or not: Case 1.—The child is born upon high seas. Case 2.—The child is born in a foreign country. An argumentative decision.

Answer.—Our correspondent, we apprehend, does not ask for all he wants. We will endeavor to enlighten him, however, on points which seem to have invited dispute, regarding eligibility of certain classes of citizens to the office of president of the United States. The child of a citizen born on the high seas under the American flag is a citizen of the United States and eligible to the presidency. The child of a citizen born in a foreign country is a citizen of the United States by law, but is not eligible to the presidency. The argument is n the constitution of the United Stat , which provides:

No person, except a natural born c - zen, or a citizen of the United States at the time of the adoption of this const -tion, shall be eligible to the office of president. Neither shall any person be eligible to that office who shall not have attained to the age of 35 years and been 14 years a resident within the United States.

The difference of opinion existing rests upon the meaning of "a natural born citizen." On this subject Paschal, regarded as one of the highest of legal authorities, says, "A natural born citizen (is one) not made by law or otherwise, but born." Bates on "Citizenship" (10 op., 382) limits the "natural" members of the body politic to "the people born in the country," and he repeats this, confining the meaning to "every person born in the country." Kent says, "Nativity furnishes the rule." Story on "The Constitution" says, "Considering the ages of all such—i. e., those who are alien born and citizens when the constitution was adopted—no person of foreign birth can now ever be president under this constitution." Morse, on "Citizenship" (page 125, section 90) says: "A natural born citizen is one not made by law or otherwise, but born. The constitution does not make the citizens. It only recognizes such of them as are natural, home born, and provides for the nationalization of such of them as are alien, foreign born, making the latter, as far as nature will allow, like the former. The expression 'natural born citizen' recognizes and reaffirms the universal principle common to all nations and is as old as political society—that the people born in a country do constitute the nation, and as individuals are natural members of the body politic." Now, a citizen is, first, natural born. Children born within the allegiance of the United States are natural born citizens. Second, made a citizen by statute. Children born of American parents outside of this jurisdiction are made citizens by statute (United States Revised Statutes, section 2172) and are not citizens natural born. If there was no statute, they would not be citizens. The Journal of Commerce, Nov. 13, 1889, stated the case as follows:

They argue that, as a child born abroad of an American citizen is by act of congress invested with the full rights and privileges of citizenship, therefore he is a citizen by right of birth and is a natural born citizen and eligible to the presidency of the United States. But they overlook the fact that he is not a citizen by right of birth alone, but is made a citizen on account of his birth by act of congress. He is not therefore a natural born citizen, but a citizen made by the law. If he was a natural born citizen, there would have been no necessity for an act of congress investing him with citizenship. A person born out of the allegiance of the United States is therefore made a citizen by law, is not natural born and can not be legally elected president without a change in the constitution.

There was an old feudal doctrine under which the embassador of a country to another carried with him a box of soil from his native land, and in the event of necessity he would put the box in position, and standing upon it assume that he was on his native heath for the time being. That, we believe, is no longer in practice. As to the officials representing the government of the United States in foreign countries, they are in no way superior to other American citizens, because in the United States there is no rank above citizen.

In order that the reader may clearly comprehend why children of American citizens born abroad are not eligible to the office of president, the following clause of the United States Revised Statutes is given:

The children of persons who now are or have been citizens of the United States shall, though born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States, be considered as citizens thereof (section 2172).

The difference between a citizen made under this provision of law and a natural born citizen is the difference of one born out of the limits and jurisdiction of the United States and one who is born within such limits and jurisdiction. It is the difference between an individual who needs the law to make him a citizen and one who is a citizen by the mere circumstances that he was born and exists. The opinions of Paschal, Story, Bates and Kent have been advanced, and Morse, although maintaining that a citizen made by the law, as quoted, is eligible to the presidency, has not succeded in stating his position so as to support his theory. His statement clearly sustains the popular interpretation—that of the highest and leading authorities in law.—Brooklyn Eagle.

DRAWBACKS OF A BLACK EYE.

It Inspires Humor and Brings Varied Misery Upon Its Owner.

Unfortunate indeed is the lot of the young man with a black eye. In addition to the fact that it is black and will prevent his appearance in respectable society for a time are the many explanations which he has to invent for the curious who want to know how he got it. Then he has to stand no end of bantering, insinuating smiles, hypocritical sympathy and the stares of men, women and children wherever he goes.

The young man in this case got his black eye in the manner in which the general public believes 999 out of 1,000 black eyes are received—that is, from the fist of another young man delivered straight out from the shoulder. At the time he received it there was no means of relief at hand, and he was in no condition to seek it after receiving the blow that began a new course in astronomy for him. So he went home and contented himself with applying heated cloths to it for the rest of the night. He lived in a boarding house, and when he went down to breakfast in the morning he wore a handkerchief bound tightly around his head, so as to conceal the black eye. This did not prevent the boarders from inquiring in unison:

"Where did you get the black eye?"

The young man flushed crimson, and as he looked around the grinning crowd he saw that he would have to tell a pretty straight story.

"I don't know whether it's black or not," he stammered, "although it feels as if it was. You see, I got in late last night and in the darkness stumbled against the hatrack. I didn't like to wake anybody up and just put some hot water on it."

"Why didn't you hit the hatrack first?" asked one of the skeptics.

"I tried to, but"—

"The scoundrel got the drop on you," put in another boarder.

"Well, he did, but"—

"I suppose he's got a pair of em, eh?"

"Well, there's no use denying it, fellows," whispered the young man. "I did have a run in with a gang, but they were five to one, and after I had knocked three of them down the other two got at me, and that ended it. Say, what's good to take it right away?"

"Let's see it," demanded the boarders, and the young man was forced to undo the bandage. He disclosed a swollen mass of flesh on the right side of the face, which rivaled a Thanksgiving football field for coloring. In the center a guilty little pupil of an eye flashed, surrounded by the crimson of Harvard. Shading off on the cheek was the orange, surmounted by black, emblematic of Princeton, while the blue of Yale was predominant.

"A symposium of college colors," cried one of the boarders. Suggestions for relief were then in order.

"Try a piece of raw beef," was one.

"Or a raw oyster," was another.

"Hot water and extract of witch hazel."

"Epsom salts and hot water will take the bloodshot out of the eye."

"Have it painted."

"No, have it cut with a razor and let it bleed."

"Get a leech."

The young man carefully noted all the suggestions, and as a discussion arose about the most efficacious remedy decided to visit a black eye doctor. After all the boarders had gone he bandaged up his eye and went in search of one.

"Now, if you had only come to me as soon as you got it I could have removed it in an hour and a half," said the black eye specialist, "or if you had come within 24 hours afterward I might have had a better chance of removing it. As it is, it will take a week."

The young man had his eye washed and bathed for a couple of hours with hot water and other lotions and declared that he felt better. The swelling was reduced somewhat, and he thought that with the help of a little flesh paint and Chinese white he could face his best girl that evening. Surely, he thought, she would believe any story he told about it. But she was as skeptical as the rest, and after listening to his plaintive story about his encounter with the hatrack said:

"Now, really, Charles, who did it?"
—New York Sun.

A Bad Spell.

A certain congressman, no matter who he is, except that he is not a western man, was making up a list of towns in the neighborhood of Philadelphia, where he was to make some campaign speeches. After he had it made out to his satisfaction he handed the list to his secretary to copy. The secretary, who is a pretty shrewd politician himself, ran his eye down the column.

"What's the matter with Trenton?" he asked in some astonishment.

"Nothing," replied the member, somewhat astonished himself. "Why?"

"You've got it marked N. G."

"I guess not," protested the member in doubt.

"Well, look at it for yourself," and the secretary handed the list to him.

He looked at it, and there in plain letters he found, "Trenton, N. G."

Then he laughed confidently, almost derisively.

"That's all right, my boy," he said, with commiserating consideration. "The N. G. you are thinking about is not the N. G. I've got there."

"Is that so?" said the dazed secretary.

"Of course not," laughed the congressman. "Mine's Trenton, New Gersey," and the secretary said, "Oh!" and let the congressman go on thinking it was all right.—Detroit Free Press.

The Battle of Belahoe.

The battle of Belahoe is famous in Irish history as a spoiling of the spoilers. Two chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell, had made a thieving excursion into a neighboring territory and were returning with their plunder when they met an English force, and after a brief and feeble resistance ran away, leaving their booty in the hands of the English.

BRAVE AND TENDER.

One Gallant English Soldier's Tribute to Another's Courage.

Though all our officers in the Crimea were brave, it was Captain Peel who inspired his followers with a part of his own nature, writes Sir Evelyn Wood. He exemplified the American poet's hero:

The bravest are the tenderest.
The loving are the daring.

This man, who never quailed, felt acutely every shot and shell which passed near him, but the only outward effect was to make him throw up his head and square his shoulders, yet his nervous system was so highly strung that even a flesh wound became dangerous in his case. In 1851, while crossing the Nubian desert from Korosko to Abu Hamed, where Colonel Stewart and his companions, sent down by Colonel Gordon, were treacherously slain in 1884, Peel dismounted from his camel to give water from his store to a dying bird. To this tender hearted man it appeared that our blue jackets should be encouraged to stand up to their guns like men, and he asked four of us—two Diamond's and two Queen's—to set the example in the battery by always walking erect and without undue haste.

Next day he, to my knowledge, although I did not see it, gave us a grand example. A shell weighing 42 pounds came through the parapet and rolled into the center of a small group of men, who threw themselves flat on the ground, which would not, however, have saved those nearest, for there were several boxes of powder on the ground, then being passed into the magazine. Peel, stooping down, lifted the shell, and, resting it on his breast, carried it back to the parapet, and, stepping on to the banquette, rolled the shell over the superior crest, on which it immediately burst.

The following day I had been relieved and was eating my ration—salt pork and biscuit—on one side of a gun when a shell burst on the top of the magazine on the other side of the gun. It created some trepidation, although the danger of the powder exploding was remote, unless another shell fell on the roof. The officer excitedly shouted to the senior lieutenant, "Shell burst in the magazine, sir!" Now, Ridge, first lieutenant her majesty's ship Diamond, was as brave as he was efficient and responded without concern, "Aye, aye, put it out!" but the shouts were repeated, and I was eventually obliged to abandon my dinner to stamp out the burning bags and fill up the crater made by the explosion.

While so engaged I felt some one alongside, helping me, but did not look up, for, with shells striking the parapet on either side, the position was not one in which I was inclined to linger, and thus did not notice it was Captain Peel till the work was done, when he ordered me down. This was the beginning of a friendship which lasted till his death at Lucknow in 1858.

Satire In Ancient Egypt.

M. Ollivier Beauregard, a well known, sagacious and patient Egyptologist, has, a Paris correspondent says, published a work which shows that the ancient Egyptians were not impassable, as they are reputed to have been. It is on Egyptian satires. One of his documents is a papyrus of the time of Rameses II. It is a censure in the lampoon style of the profane conduct of that king. Somebody wrote a counterblast in his defense, which M. Ollivier Beauregard also possesses. It is written in the same tone and meets satire with satire. There is on a third papyrus an attack on the priests, which for the liveliness of its style and the mercilessness of its irony affords a parallel to certain articles in the "Dictionnaire Philosophique." One of M. Ollivier Beauregard's antique documents is a satire on the vices of Cleopatra and her disorderly life. A more modern papyrus is an ironical exhortation to all good Egyptians to pay cheerfully the taxes assessed by their foreign dynasty. The advantages of having rulers belonging to a higher civilization are pointed out in an apologue resembling that of Menenius Agrippa.

These Wonderful Thespians.

If ever I become a divorcee, I wonder how I should feel on meeting my former husband!

I strolled down Broadway the other afternoon behind a handsome, large eyed young actress who recently obtained a divorce from her sponse, a dashing light comedian who has twice essayed a "flier" around the matrimonial track.

When near Twenty-third street, lo! the form of the aforesaid actor loomed up, coming in our direction.

I don't know how the sight of him affected her, but I felt my face flushing with excitement and expectation.

Nearer and nearer.

Will there be a scene?

Now they are almost abreast!

He lifted his gray Alpine hat with debonair grace and smiles sweetly.

"How de do, Lizzie?"

"How are you, Frank?"

And they calmly pursue the "even tenor" of their way!

These Thespians are wonderful people.—New York Recorder.

An Abusive Wife.

The famous Dr. Andrew Bell had a wife who, after exhausting all her ingenuity in making him miserable, finally left him. She then began writing him long letters filled with personal abuse, and when she found he did not take the trouble to open them took to abusing him on the envelope. One she addressed, "To that supreme of rogues, who looks the hangdog that he is, Doctor (such a doctor!) Andrew Bell." Another was thus pleasingly inscribed: "To that ape of apes and knave of knaves, Dr. Andrew Bell, who is recorded to have once paid a debt, but a small one you may be sure it was that he selected for this wonderful experiment—in fact, it was fourpence ha'penny. Had it been on the other side of sixpence he must have died before he could achieve so dreadful a sacrifice."

SEE NO JOKE IN CORRUPTION.

English People Unable to Understand the Apathy of Americans.

The delight of being a nation, and a very big nation at that, has not yet with us lost all the charm of novelty, and we pelt one another with ridicule after the joyously aggressive fashion of schoolboys pelting one another with snowballs. Already there is a vast array of seasoned and recognized jokes which are leveled against every city in the land. The culture of Boston, the slowness of Philadelphia, the ostentation of New York, the arrogance and ambition of Chicago, the mutual jealousy of Minneapolis and St. Paul—these are themes of which the American satirist never wearies; these are characteristics which he has striven, with some degree of success, to make clear to the rest of mankind. Add to them our less justifiable diversion at official corruption and mismanagement, our glee over the blunders and rascalities of the men whom we permit to govern us, and we have the curious combination of keenness and apathy, of penetration and indifference, which makes possible American humor.

Now, Englishmen, however prone to laugh at their own foibles, do not, as a rule, take their own politics lightly. Those whom I have known were most depressingly serious when discussing the situation with friends and most disagreeably violent when by chance they met an opponent. Neither do they see anything funny in being robbed by corporations, but, with discouraging and unhumorous tenacity, exact payment of the last farthing of debt, fulfillment of the last clause in a charter. Our laxity in such matters is a trait which they fail to understand and are disinclined to envy. One of the most amusing scenes I ever witnessed was an altercation between an exceedingly clever English woman, who for years has taken a lively part in public measures, and a country woman of my own, deeply imbued with that gentle pessimism which insures contentment and bars reform. The subject under discussion was the street car service of Philadelphia, which would have been primitive for Asia Minor, and the English woman was expressing in no measured terms her amazement at such comprehensive and unqualified inefficiency.

In vain my American friend explained to her that this car service was one of the most diverting things about our Quaker City; that it represented one of those humorous details which gave Philadelphia its distinctly local color. The English woman declined to be amused. "I do not understand you in the least," she said gravely. "You have a beautiful city, of which you should be proud. You have disgraceful streets and trams, of which you should be ashamed. Yet you ridicule your city as if you were ashamed of that and defend your trams as if you were proud of them. If you think it funny to be imposed on, you will never be at a loss for a joke."—Cozy Hours.

Impromptu Maps.

The "cat" and the "pig" books, designed to record people's impressions of those interesting animals, each person to draw his own without being allowed a glimpse of any one else's work, has an amusing companion in a geography sketchbook. In this one's friends are to record, in a rapid, offhand drawing, their best recollections of certain very familiar outlines, such as the coast of Massachusetts or Italy or England or North America. To be even fairly correct is difficult and rare if one is long past daily geography lessons. The five great lakes of North America is one of the best tasks to set, this to be drawn in outline with at least the larger bays and connections indicated, all to be done without seeing, first, any other sketch or map. A correct map should accompany the book for easy reference and comparison with the amateur work. The curiously vague, droll mental maps that one's friends carry about with them, thus revealed, are funnier than even the sea serpent's portraits in the "Sea Serpent; His Album." I have known more than one person to stop short at a mere "round O" for the first lake which seemed to lead nowhere, the other four having neither shape nor substance in the puzzled artist's vision.—Philadelphia Times.

A Generous Miser.

A great many years ago there resided in Marseilles an old man named Guyot. He was known to every inhabitant, and every urchin in the street could point him out as a niggard in his dealings and a wretch of the utmost penury in his habits of life. From his boyhood this old man had lived in the city of Marseilles, and although the people treated him with scorn and hatred nothing would induce him to leave it.

When he walked the street, he was followed by a crowd of hooting boys, who often threw stones and mud at him. There was no one to speak a kind word in his favor. He was regarded by all as an avaricious old miser whose life was devoted to hoarding up gold. At last the old man died, and it was found that he had lain up a great fortune. He left a will which read: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill supplied with water, which can only be procured at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing, and I direct that the whole of my property shall be expended in building an aqueduct for their use."—Philadelphia Press.

Life In India.

Missionary work among "India's coral strands" may be very inspiring, but Miss Coombs, a Maine woman who has been engaged in the work for 11 years, says there are times when that is not its most prominent feature. Lights are kept burning all night because of the too social habits of centipeds, scorpions and cobras. Snakes live in the walls of old houses as rats do here, and at night they come out and prowl around. Altogether animal nature seems rather lively to the foreign missionaries.

STORY OF A WEDDING.

And a Present That Turned Out to Be a White Elephant.

I know a man named Jack Barnes, who was married one Thanksgiving day, writes Howard Fielding in the Boston Herald. His wife had quite a number of rich relations. One of them was in the furniture business. His present was undoubtedly the handsomest of all. It was a mahogany bedstead big enough for a Mormon elder and carved in the highest style of the art. The happy couple were enraptured when they saw it. The exhibition occurred in the store of the furniture man, for of course such a thing couldn't be sent to the bride's father's house like a sugar spoon in a box. An expressman who subsequently moved the bedstead told me that it weighed nine tons, but I think he exaggerated. Moreover, it was certainly as massive a piece of furniture as ever I saw. On this account perhaps the generous donor had been unable to sell it and had had it lumbering up his salesroom until he had grown sick of the sight of it.

The bridegroom gave directions for its removal to the Harlem flat. He then thanked his wife's uncle for this magnificent gift with tears in his eyes.

When Mr. and Mrs. Barnes returned from their wedding journey, they found the mahogany bed already established in their flat. They knew it was there, because they were unable to open the parlor door. The bed was inside, and there was an alley a foot wide all the way around it between it and the wall. This may seem improbable to a person who does not know much about New York flats of the $40 a month grade, but the sophisticated will only wonder that the bed got in there at all. I am told that the men who set it up had to climb out of a window afterward, but I think this is an exaggeration, because the tall, carved bedboard entirely covered the two windows and thus cast a gloom over the otherwise happy home. They found the furniture which had previously been in the parlor divided between two bedrooms and completely filling them.

Housekeeping under these circumstances was not what this young woman had been led to expect. In 24 hours she had demanded a larger flat. Mr. Barnes went flat hunting. The adventures of the Wandering Jew are a mere stroll compared to those of the flat hunter in New York. Jack was looking for a bedroom big enough to hold the mahogany bedstead. He tells me that this piece of furniture was so big that he could hardly carry a memorandum of its dimensions in his largest overcoat pocket.

Reasonable Request.

Mrs. Williams always asserted that whenever her husband proffered a reasonable request she complied with it as promptly as possible. When asked on one occasion what she meant by this reservation, she said, with a laugh:

"Well, once in awhile Mr. Williams makes what I call an unreasonable request. For instance, he came home a few days ago and said he had seen a woman on the street whose dress he admired, and he wished I would have one made just like it.

"'Tell me how it was made, and I certainly will,' I answered.

"'Oh, it is very simple,' he began. 'The color was—well, it was one of those mixed goods, you know—brown, I should say, or a sort of yellowish gray, with a figure of some sort, a spot or perhaps a small stripe, or it might have been a check. It was made with a skirt—just one skirt, I think—and it had a ruffling or a band or a—a—something to brighten it a little here and there, more toward the bottom, I should say than the top, though I think there was a little ornamentation of some sort around the top too.

"'And the waist or jacket, or whatever you choose to call it, that was perfectly plain, I think, except that there were a few frills about it and a contrivance of some sort about the neck—nothing elaborate at all, but just what would look neat and appropriate. I wonder if you catch my idea?' he inquired as he finished this lucid description.

"Now, that was one of Mr. Williams' requests which I found it really impossible to grant."—Youth's Companion.

Regardless of Punctuation.

The boy who sells the cheap songbooks in front of the variety theater is a wonder in his way. He talks at lightning speed and mixes the titles beautifully. Here is what you hear him say as the crowd is pouring out: "Take 'em along the songbooks here the latest and most popular songs the day all the songs sung in the show her golden hair was hanging down her back the fatal wedding Mollie Newell and Maggie Mooney I don't want to play in your yard if you won't be good to me O Mrs. O'Flaherty you sat down upon me hat still the dance goes on she's my sweetheart we kept it up till Sunday morning they're all the songs sung in the show words and music remember and there a dime 10 cents still his whiskers grew hit 'im again they're 10 cents."—Chicago Record.

Weeks Versus Years.

He (five weeks after marriage)—I have brought you a birthday present, my angel—a diamond necklace, which, however, will pale before the brightness of your eyes.

He (five years after marriage)—I have brought you a birthday present—an ash receiver.

She—But, my dear, I do not smoke cigars.

He—N-o, but if you have an ash receiver for me to put my cigar ashes in it will save you the trouble of sweeping them up, you know.—New York Weekly.

His View of It.

Teacher (to Bainbridge street boy)—Now, if you have a meal at 12 o'clock, what do you call it?

"Luck," said the boy.—Philadelphia Record.

YOUNG NAPOLEON DESPONDENT.

Bad News From His Home Made the Artilleryman Talk of Suicide.

Early in August, 1787, a little rebellion, known as the "Two Cent Revolt," broke out in Lyons over an attempt to reassert an ancient feudal right concerning the sale of wine which had long been in abeyance. The neighboring garrisons were ordered to furnish their respective quotas for its suppression. Bonaparte's company was sent among the others, but the disturbance was already quelled when he arrived, and the month he spent at Lyons was so agreeable that, as he wrote his uncle Fesch, he left the city with regret "to follow his destiny." His regiment had been ordered northward to Douay, in Flanders, and there he rejoined it about the middle of October.

The short time he spent under the inclement skies of that frontier fortress was a dreary one. Bad news came from home. Joseph had some time before turned his eyes toward Tuscany for a possible career. In order to test his chances of success at court, he had made application for an empty decoration. The answer to his request had been a gracious permission to prove his Tuscan nationality, which was of course equivalent to a repulse. Utterly without success in finding occupation in Corsica and hopeless as to France, he was now about to make a final desperate effort, and, decorated or not, to go in person to Florence and to seek employment of any kind which offered. Lucien, the archdeacon, was seriously ill, and General Marbeuf, the last influential friend of the family, was dead. Louis had been promised a scholarship in one of the royal artillery schools. Deprived of his patron, he would probably lose the appointment.

Finally the pecuniary affairs of Mme. de Bonaparte were again entangled and now appeared hopeless. She had for some time received a state bounty for planting mulberry trees, as France was introducing silk culture into the island. The inspectors had condemned the year's work and were withholding the allowance. Her letter put an end for a time to all study, historical or political. Napoleon immediately applied, as his mother requested, for leave of absence, that he might instantly set out to her relief. His request was refused. He could obtain no leave until January.

Despondent and anxious, he moped, grew miserable and contracted a slight malarial fever, which for the next six or seven years never entirely relaxed its hold on him. The pages of his journal for the ensuing weeks show how dispirited he was, and contain, among other things, a long, wild, pessimistic rhapsody, in which there is talk of suicide. The plaint is of the degeneracy among men, of the destruction of primitive simplicity in Corsica by the French occupation, of his own isolation and of his yearning to see his friends once more. Life is no longer worth while. His country gone, a patriot has naught to live for, especially when he has no pleasure and all is pain, when the character of those about him is to his own as moonlight to sunlight. If there were but a single life in his way, he would bury the avenging blade of his country and her violated laws in the bosom of the tyrant. Some of his complaining was even less coherent than this. It is absurd to take the morbid outpouring seriously, except in so far as it goes to prove that its writer was a victim of the sentimental egoism into which the psychological studies of the eighteenth century had degenerated and to suggest that possibly if he had not been Napoleon he might have been a Werther.—Professor Sloane's "Life of Napoleon" in Century.

Human Flesh Eaters.

In the northern part of Canada there are still several Indian tribes who ate human flesh. In Guiana and in the Orinoco we still find Caribbeans who have the honor of having furnished the name for that terrible custom of eating human flesh. Cannibal comes from Caribs or Caribales, corruptions of Galibis or Canibis, the name of the inhabitants of the Antilles when Columbus arrived there. On the upper Amazon, between the rivers and the borders of the Bolivia, live the Tupis Guaraniens, who manifest a liking for human flesh. Cannibals are common in Australasia, the Papuans, Karnkiens and Battakiens being the most distinguished. Cannibalism is, however, considered the main trait of the New Hebrides. There are more human flesh eaters in Africa than anywhere else.

Cannibalism is not a sign of a low state of civilization, for many cannibal races stand higher in culture than those who abhor the custom. Many cannibals live in regions full of ordinary food, but they prefer human flesh as a delicacy, the men forbidding their wives and slaves to eat it. In northern Australasia it seems that the dead are eaten. Herodotus tells us that it was the custom in India for the young to kill the old and eat them to insure their future salvation, and we are told that the old folks desire to be killed before they grow too old and less appetizing.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Napoleon's Opinion of Love.

During the period when Napoleon was with his regiment at Auxonne, as lieutenant of artillery, he devoted much of his spare time to authorship. He wrote two short pieces, one a "Dialogue on Love," and the other, "Reflections on the State of Nature." Professor William M. Sloane, in his new life of Napoleon, quotes the following interesting extract from the former in The Century: "I, too, was once in love," he says of himself. It could not well have been in Ajaccio, and it must have been the memories of the old Valence, of a pleasant existence now ended, which called forth the doleful confession. It was the future Napoleon who was presaged in the antithesis. "I go further than the denial of its existence. I believe it hurtful to society, to the individual welfare of men."

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Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George B Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Synon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 93 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 528 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 27 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 720 Hinman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1925 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and Statests.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Sec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eller, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arlington place; John J Lawler, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 7:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 2350 Yorktown st; W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec; Wm White, Treas; Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2058 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec; Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Queally's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st; Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John O Curtis, C R, 466 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 358 W Huron st; J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R; Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st; John Mott, Rec Sec, 3743 Kimbark av; M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemsteger, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 87th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas, William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 449 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John J Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1086 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9228 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 918 Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foisy. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 108 22rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmittschmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 634 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Turner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 122 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Ehlebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lillig. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster av and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauler, 485 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson avs.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 128 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J C Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne av and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael F Dalton, 2302 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

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